

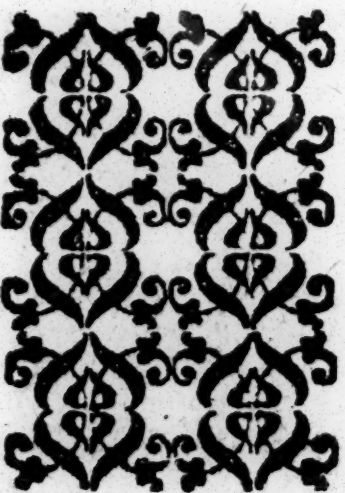
# THE ILLE OF GVLS.

As it hath been often playd in the blacke  
Fryars, by the Children of  
the Reuels.

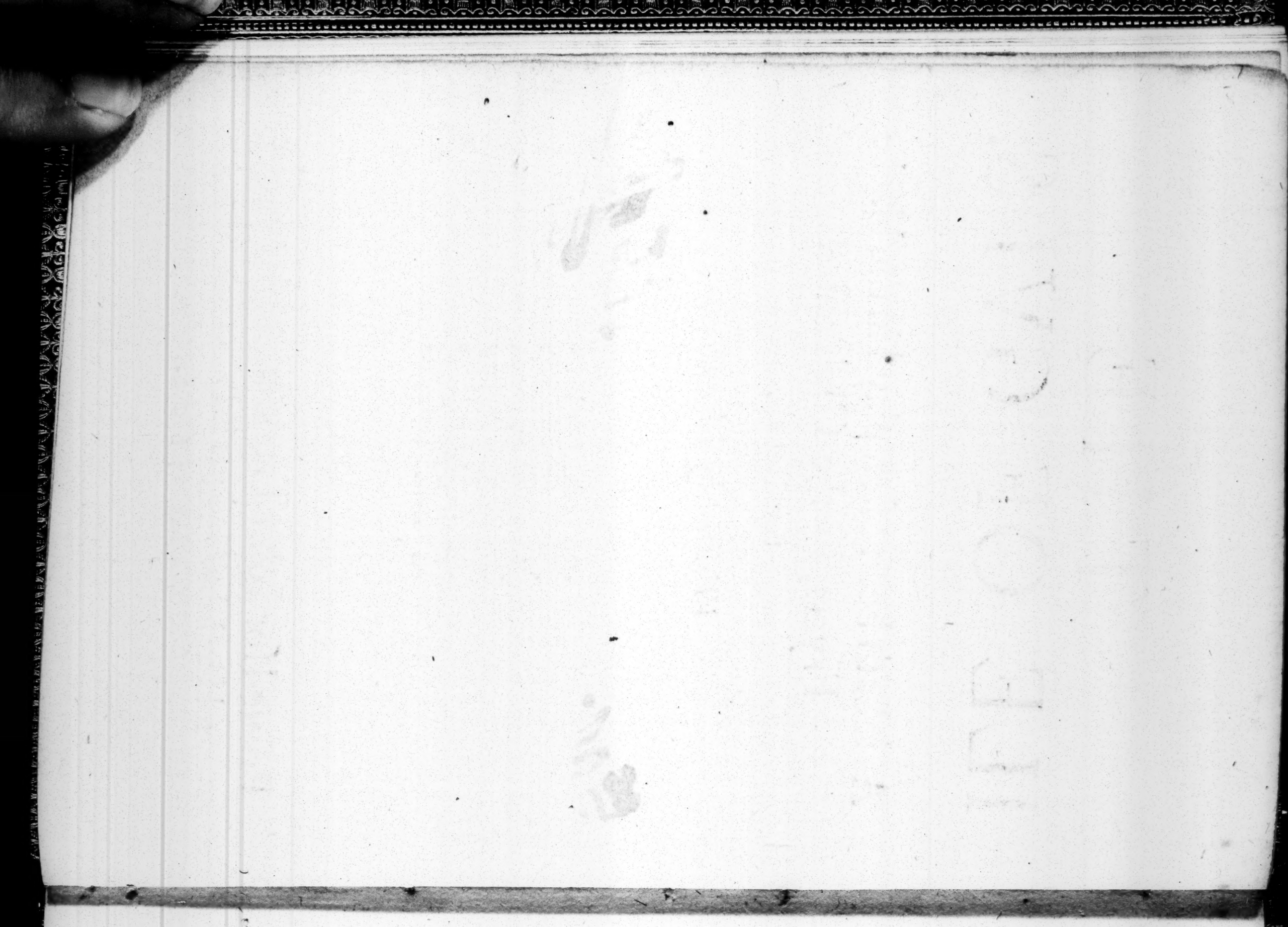
*Written by Iohn Day.*

*See  
Ann.*


*Printed at  
St. Dunstons*



Printed for Iohn Trundle, and are to be  
sold by Iohn Hodgets in Pauls Church-  
yard. 1606.







## The Ile of Gulls.

*Enter severally 3. Gentlemen, as to see a play.*

1 Ow now gallants, what ist? what ist?

2 *The Ile of Gulls.*

3 The Ile of Gulls, what should that be?

2 A play by the name, but come shals quarter our selves?

1 If some had had the wit to doe so in time, they might ha laude the hangman a labour. But come boy, furnish vs with flooles.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol.* Pardon me sir, my office is to speake a Prologue, not to provide you flooles.

1 And you were the Epilogue to sir -

2 Fie be not inciuill: dost heare youth, prethe whats he that discovered your new found Land, the Ile of Gulls? what is hee?

*Prol.* A meere stranger sir.

3 A stranger? the better welcome: comes hee East-ward, West-ward, or North-ward hoe?

*Prol.* None of the three waies I assure you.

1 Prethe where is he?

*Prol.* Not on his knees in a corner, to *Apollo* praying that his play may hold in a good hand at Passadge, nor on the stage amongst gallants, preparing a bespoke Plaudite; but close in his studie writing hard, to get him a handsome suite against Sommer.

2 And where sits his friends? hath he not a prepar'd company of gallants, to applaud hisiests, and grace out his play.

*Prol.* None I protest: Doe Poets vse to bespeake their Auditory.

2 The best in grace doe, and but for that, some that I know, had neuer had their grace in Poetry till this day.

*Prol.* Then must our Author looke for a certaine disgrace, for he is altogether vnfurnisht of such a friendly audience.

1 Then he must lay his ryall vpon God and good wits. But why doth he call his play *The Ile of Gulls*, it begets much expectation.

*Prol.* Not out of any dogged disposition, nor that it figures anie certaine state, or private government: fare be that supposition from



## The Fle of Gulls.

the thought of any indifferent Auditor: and the argument being a little string or Riueler, drawne fō the full streine of the right worthy Gentleman, Sir *Phillip Sydney* well knowne Archades, confirms it: onely a Duke to make tryall of certaine experiments, retires with his retinue into a Namelesse desert. Now as well for fashion sake, as that all those which haue to doe in that desert, are guld in the reach of their hopes, therefore hee calls it, (and as hee presumes, not improperlie) *The Ile of Gulls*.

1 Our a question he hath promised thee some fee, thou pleadest so hard for him, but and he be a right Poet hee will neuer performe it. But what method obserues hee in his play, if any thing Criticall? Are Lawyers fees, and Cittizens wines laid open in it: I loue to heare vice anotomizd, & abuse let blood in the maister vaine, is there any great mans life charactred in?

*Pro.* None I protest sir, only in the person of *Dametas* he expresses to the life the monstrous and deformed shape of vice, as well to beget a lothing of abuse, as that his villanie may giue the greater luster to the vertuous dispositions of true-borne gentilitie.

1 All thats nothing to mee, and there be not Wormewood water and Copperes in it, Ile not like it, should *Apollo* write it, and *Rosius* himselfe act it.

2 Fie vpon thee, thou art too too Criticall: is there any good baudry in it, iests of an ell deepe, and a fathome broad, good cuckolding, may a couple of young-fetters-vp learne to doe well in? Giue mee a scene of venery, that will make a mans spiritis stand on theyr typtoes, and die his blood in a deepe scarlet; like your *Ouids Ars Amandi*, there flowes the true Spring-head of Poetry, and the verie Christall fount of Parnassus.

*Pro.* Chast cares would neuer endure it sir.

2 Chast cares, now deafenes light vppon em, what should chaste cares doe at a play.

3 Tis strange now, I am of neither a both your opinions, I like neither rayling nor baudry: no, giue mee a stately pend historie, as thus, *The rugged mindes, with rude and ragged vasses. &c.*

2 Fie vpon it, more Fustian; I had rather heare two good baudie iests, then a whole play of such teare-cat thunderclaps.

*Pro.* Alas Gentlemen, how is it possible to content you? you will haue rayling, and inuectiues, which our Authour neither dares, nor



## The Ile of Gulls.

affects: you baudy and scarrilliests, which neither becomes his modestie to write, nor the care of a generous Auditory to heare: you must ha swelling comparisons, and bumbast Epithites, which are as fit for the body of a Comedie, as *Hercules* shooc for the foote of a Pygmy: yet all these we must haue, and all in one play, or tis alreadie condemn'd to the hell of eternall disgrace.

1    Looke too, if there be not gallint, it shall not passe.

2    If it be not baudie, tis impossible to passe.

3    If it be both Criticall and baudy, if it be not high written, both your Poet and the house to, loose a friend of me.

*Prol.* Nay I beseech you sir, if you be his friend, stand so to him still, for he hath too many enemies already, in whose iudgements, he and his labours stand excommunicate, as though vnworthy to present themselves in this assembly.

1    Enemies, nays foote then theres some hope in's play, for Ennie neuer workes but against desert and merit. If hee be enuied theres some worth in him, and Ile see out his play for that onely.

2    Faith and Ile see an act or two out, but I tell you afore-hand I cannot see it out.

3    Nor see it out? your reason.

2    Fore God I lay in bed till past three a clock, slept out my dinner, and my stomacke will coule to supper afore sue, therefore you must pardon me.

*Prol.* Either see it all or none; for tis growne into a custome at playes, if any one rise (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious busines focuer, the rest thinking it in dislike of the play, thoe he neuer thinks it, cry mew, by Iesus vilde; and leaue the poore hartlesse children to speake their Epilogue to the emptie seates.

3    Why doost thinke thy audience like a flock of sheepe, that one cannot leape ouer a hedge, but all the rest will follow, they ha more of reason in them then so.

2    Well, Ile sit out the play, and be but to auoyd that sheepish imitation, but see it be baudy, or by this light I and all my friends will  
*Prol.* You should not deale gentleman-like with vs els.    (hisse,

*Prologue.*

The miserie that waies vpon the pen  
Of the best Writers, iudge it gentlemen,  
Let them expresse the very soule of wit,



## The Fle of Gulls.

And want Opinions voice to countenance it,  
Tis like the idle buzzing of a flie,  
Heard, not regarded: wretched Poetrie:  
If a write mirth, tis Rybaldry, and meane,  
Scorn'd of chaste cares. If he compose a Scene  
Of high writ Poesie, fitting a true Stage,  
Tis counted fustian: If portick rage  
Strike at abuse, or ope the vaine of sinne,  
He is straight inform'd against for libelling.  
Neither quick mirth, inuestiue, nor high state,  
Can content all: such is the boundlesse hate  
Of a confus'd Audience: Then we  
Thar scarcely know the rules of Poesie  
Cannot scape check. Yet this our comfort is,  
The wife will smile to heare th'impartiall hist.  
We neither bragge, nor tremble, faint nor intreat,  
Our meritis nothing, yet our hopes are great,  
Yet this our Author bad me boldly speake,  
His play shall passe, let Envie swell and breake,  
Detraction he scornes, honours the best,  
Tanti for hate; thus low to all the rest.

*Exit,*

*Actus primi. scena prima.*

*Enter Bassilius, Gynetia, Hipolita, Violetta, Lord attendants.*

*Basil.* Welcom gallants, welcom honord bloods; the reason that  
we haue vncloth'd vs of our princely government in Arcadia, and  
haue to doe with this private retirement heerein this desert Ile, you  
shall find in that shedule, onely thus much for publique satisfaction:  
Tis not strange to you, that the choicest treasure Nature indow'd vs  
with, is mynde vp in the vaines of my two daughters: howe much  
their quiet, and the smothe streame of our government in Arcadia,  
was troubled by the impetuous concourse of vnuly surers, is familiar  
with your knowledge; this to auoide, I haue for my Image therein  
my absence appointed my brother, and vnderooke this private re-  
tirement.

*Gy.* Why my lord, are you so couetous of your daughters beauties,  
that their perfections shall be a meanes to hinder their preferment?  
*Basil.* Rather to further it faire Queene: they are the onely pearles  
of our age, and to see them well set in honourable and wel-befitting



## The Ile of Gulls.

Marriage, is our wilshes happines.

To which effect we haue sent a generall challenge  
To all the youthfull bloods of Affrica,

That whofoeuer (borne of princely stem)

Dares foote the boosome of this desart Ile,

(The stage where Ile performe this louers prize)

And by his wit and actiue pollicie,

Wooe, win, intice, or any way defeat

Me of my charge, my daughters of their harts,

Shall with their loues weare my imperiall crowne

Wreathe of their conquest.

*Hip.* A prize, a prize, rare worke for Fencers.

*Viol.* What coward would not venter a crackt crowne for such a

*Basil.* To that intent our Iland is fenc'd in (boonie?

By sea and Land, and at each corner buile

A Castle for defence, which like great men

Doe ouer-looke Archadea: ouer which,

We haue appointed Capitaines. More to desire,

Is more then we are willing to discover.

*Hip.* Well then sister, I see we must to hap-hazard for husbands.

*Viol.* God send me one with a good face and I care not.

*Hip.* Loue and be thy will, send mee one with a fayre rable in his forehead, like Time.

*Viol.* Nay, and his face be good, let mee alone to tricke his forehead, a country-gentlewoman taught me how: But father I wonder how you dare undertake such a peremptory challenge against all comers, considering you haue bene so long troubled with an Ague.

*Basil.* An ague? what ague?

*Hip.* Why your quotidian, *Dametæ* the Court surfet, hee that dwells in your eye, like a discale in your blood.

*Viol.* And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomackt, it would neuer digest such Almes-basket-scrapes, the very fall & garbidge of gentry; sic vpon him, he becomes the great chamber worse then a Gentleman-vsher with wry legges.

*Hip.* He is the most mishapen sure of gentility that euer the Court wore.

*Viol.* Had hee not bene of my fathers owne making, I should ha condemned his taylor for an exceeding botcher.



## The Fle of Gulls.

*Basil.* If you retaine the loue of children, or the dutie of subiects, expresse it in your obedience, we know *Dametas* loues vs.

*Viler.* As Capitaines and Courtiers do old widdowes, for profit and preferment.

*Basil.* In signe whereof we make him.

*Hip.* Nay, you haue bestowed too much of the making of him vp already.

*Viol.* The very making of him vp, has stood you in more then the whole our sides worth.

*Basil.* In my free thoughts you wrong him, therefore to expresse our loue, and to giue the world publique note of his loyaltie, we create him your Gardian.

*Viol.* How father, my Gardian.

*Basil.* I mynion, yours.

*Viol.* Doe you heare father, bid him bespeake Spectacles, for my fingers haue vowd to haue a blind march with his eyes.

*Basil.* Well said Haggart, he make your proud hart stoope to the lure of obedience. But come, by this time our challenge is published, and our gallants wits sweating in the field of Inuention, and their be-houes vs not to rest vnexercised.

So to our lodge, in the meane time be it knowne,  
Our breath has power to raise, or cast men downe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Capitaines.*

*1 Cap.* Now Capitaine Obseruation, times bawde, thou that hast kept the Ages doore, whilst vp-start balenes crept into the bedde of greatnesse, what doost thou thinke of this change?

*2 Cap.* That it pleasd the Duke, and becomes not subiects to examine his actions.

*1 Cap.* Thats no part of my meaning, yet would I gladly be better instructed why the Duke broke vp his Court in Archades, and remoued it into this Iland?

*2 Cap.* I am not Secretarie to his thoughts, but the generall rumour is, that out of the frenes of his spirit, hee hath sent a challenge to all his neighbor Princes, that who soeuer (within a twelue month) can defeat him of his daughters, shall with theyr loues, inioy his dukedome, the garland propofde for the victors.

*1 Cap.* Your words throw fence into mee, and thats the cause the Iland is so surely guarded with watch-towers, ouer which our selues and



## *The Ile of Gulls.*

and other Capitaines haue the charge.

2 *Cap.* And to the end, that not affection, but desert may proue victor, are the two Ladies so narrowly obserud, the one neuer out a the eye of her Father, the other continually in the lodge of *Dameias*, the Dukes chiefe director.

1 *Cap.* It inquisitiueneſſe be not too bolde a gueſſ, what doe you thinke of *Dameias*.

2 *Cap.* As of a little hillock, made great with others ruines.

1 *Cap.* Your comparifon holds, for by report, his auarice has vnmade many to make him vp.

2 *Cap.* How did he firſt ſtumble on the Princes fauour?

1 *Cap.* As ſome doe vpon offices, by fortune and flatterie, or as truth ſaies, the Prince hauing one day loſt his way, wandering in the woods found this *Dameias*, affected his diſcourſe, tooke him along to the Court, and like great men in loue with their owne dooings, countenanced his defects, gaue him offices, titles, and all the additions that goe to the making vp of a man worſhipfull.

2 *Cap.* I cannot but commend the Duke for raiſing him, nor yet praife him, that he proportions not his carriage anſwerable to his fortunes.

1 *Cap.* Your thoughts and mine are twynnes in that: but I heare the warning bell, ſome ſtrangers are arriued.

2 *Cap.* Lets to our office then, and condaſt them to *Dameias*, whoſe cuſtome is to ſper & hem, whiſt his ſcribe *Maïor* takes theyr Examinations.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Dameias and Manasse.*

*Dame.* *Manasse*, how dooſt like my play at Tennyſ?

*Manas.* You play well Sir, but you looſe ſtill.

*Dame.* Pollicie *Manasse*, pollicie, for when any man vpbraides me with my gettings at Court, I may ſweare trulie I haue loſt more then I haue got bye.

*Manas.* By the Tennis court I thinke you haue.

*Dame.* If by any Court, tis enough to ſaue mine oath.

But what doe our ſpruce-wired gallants ſay of my bounty.

*Ma.* Faith ſir according to the proportion of it, little or nothing, they ſay tis a bankrupt, and dares not ſhew his head.

*Dame.* Then let em leaue telling at me, though it pleaſe the Duke for ſome ſeuere good puniſh that he ſees in me, to make me his familiar,



## The Fle of Gulls.

If come to be publique, or euery Courtiers companion: but who comes heere?

*Enter the two Capitaines, with Amintor & Iulio two Princes, attyred one like a poore souldior, the other like a poore scholler.*

The Capitaines of the watch-towers? what newes with you.

1 Cap. A couple of peticioners, and like your worship.

Dam. Had I best take theyr petitions *Manasses*?

Ma. O in any case, though you neuer peruse em, tis the onelic course in request.

Dam. Fellowes, deliuer your pericions to my scribe *Maior*, and dost heare, put em vp *Manasses*. they may be wrongs to vs.

Manas. And they be, I hope they be not the first wrongs I haue put vp for your worship.

*put vp their papers.*

1 Cap. That fellowes pocket is like a Taylers hell, it eates vp part of euery mans due: tis an Executioner, and makes away more innocent petitions in one yeere, then a red-headed hangman cuts ropes in an age.

Dam. Now, what are you firra?

Amin. A poore souldier and like your worship.

Da. Poore souldiers doe not like my worship, they are bad members.

Manas. Then if they had a woman to their Iudge. they should be sure to be cut off, for they cannot indure badde members in a Common-wealth.

Dam. What are you?

Iulio. A poore scholler, and like your worship.

Dam. Poore schollers doe not like our worship neither, they raile against rich Cormorants, they are bad members to.

Manas. Cut them off both sir, and make the 1 and an Eunuch.

Dam. He take order with em I warrant thee, and I may haue my will, He ha neither poore scholler nor souldior about the Court.

1 Cap. The next way to make it the Ile of fooles.

Dam. Whats he rakles of fooles there? why how now sir, knowe you to whom you speake?

1 Cap. Cry your worship mercy, I had forgot your authoritie.

Dam. But I remember well enough I warrant you, I commaund you, in my name and the Dukes, to attend your gard. and you resaid me no more then a carelesse Lawyer doth an vndone clyant,



## The Ile of Gulls.

but He informe: the Duke shall know, our, pack:

<sup>2</sup> *Cap.* Command your slaves sir, we are gentlemen.

*Dam.* Why so I hope are wee sir, and of the best and last edition, of the Dukes owne making.

<sup>1</sup> *Cap.* Cry your authoritie mercy, will you discharge vs of these *Dam.* You are discharged, about your business. (passengers?)

<sup>1</sup> *Cap.* Bad fate, that wrong should set his foote on right, And true borne Eagles shoope to this base kye. *Exeunt.*

*Dam.* What an excellent trade it is to be an officer maker, He haue more officers, and one shall be to keepe schollers and souldiers out of the Court, for they dare not come in the great Chamber alreadie, for want of good clothes. But gods me *Manasses*, go tell the Duke I must ipeake with him.

*Manas.* Presently sir, He go fetch the head to giue the foote a posset: and my maister had wit to his villanie, he would make an excellent dish for the hangman. *Exit.*

*Amin.* Right worshipsfull.

*Dam.* I sir, I knowe my place is worshipsfull, I tell thee knaue I could hang thee by my parent, if it were granted once, He tell thee how it runnes, It allowes mee 24 knaues, 6 Kinghts, 10 fooles, 13 fellows, and 14 traytors by the yere, take em howe, why, when, and where I please.

*Iulio.* I doe not thinke the Duke will ever grant it.

*Dam.* Why not grant it? why should you thinke he wil not grant it. Such another word & He send you to Limbo in stantie.

*Amin.* We thanke you good *Cameras.* *discover themselves.*

*Iulio.* I hope you e take reasonable baile for our forth-coming.

*Amin.* The case is altered with you since you came out of *Archades.*

*Dam.* My honorable friends, *Iulio* and *Amin*, my selfe and the best abilitie of my power, lies at your seruice.

*Amin.* You see how confidentlie wee presume vpon your Letters promise, in furthering vs to attaine the louers prize.

*Dam.* The Dukes daughters are your owne, and in a word thus shall you attaine em, some 3 daies hence I will appoint a hunting, to which I will invite the Duke & both his daughters: in this hunt will I vpon some suddaine occasion deuide the traine, and hauing singled out the two Does, I hope you haue wit enough to strike.

*Amin.* To strike, how meane you.



## The Fle of Gulls.

*Dametas.* As headsmen doe, of with their maiden-heads, or if the Duke offer resistance, of with his crowne to.

*Julio.* That were violence, & cleane opposite to the intent of the challenge.

*Dam.* Come ye are shallow, too't *vi et armis*, too't, He be your second, thinke of the crowne, ha my Letters trauald for you, my wit wrought for you, and my inuention sweate for you, to possesse you of your loues, and seate you in the Dukedome, & come you now with his violence, and against the intent of the challenge, I am ashamd to heare you.

*Julio.* Nay *Dametas*, and your resolution be so forward, ours shal ouer-take you, wee doubted least the preferments your Lord hath heapt vpon you, had smotherd your affection to vs ward.

*Amin.* That was the father that begot the doubt in vs, you will appoint the hunt.

*Dam.* Seuer the Duke, deuide the traine, and then.

*Jul.* Wee ha your meaning.

*Dam.* Put it in execution then, but first entertaine some new disguise, as at our next meeting He informe you. Adiew, I shall thinke long till I see you agen.

*Exit.*

*Amin.* As a Lawyer doth for his chyant for a second fee. Heeres no *Indas*?

*Julio.* Yes, and a damnd one to, for hee would betray and sell his Maister.

*Amin.* Tis common in such base fellows, such Court-spyders, that weaue their webbes of flatterie in the eares of greatnesse, if they can once entangle them in their quaint trecherie, they possenem straight.

*Julio.* They are like vnneccessarie wormes, who the son of greatnes creates of the grosse and slimie multitude, as soone as they recouer strength, they eate into the credite of true borne gentrie, vndermine and worke out the true nobilitie, to inroote & establish themselves. *Amin.* And in the end, like *Esope's* flarv'd snake, hauing lap't the sweet smilk of greatnes, made themselves strong in authoritie and friends, they turne their stings of enuie into their preservers bosome.

*Jul.* The example liues in this *Dametas*, who notwithstanding the Duke hath raidd him to that height that hee lookes equall with himselfe, yet for the base hope of uncertaine government, hee offers him



## The Ile of Gulls.

to sale, but let his reason live to the last minute,!

*Amin.* For my part Ile make that vse of him that Philosophers do of person, vse as much of him as serues for mine honest intent, & cast downe the rest, as vnfit for any necessary imployment.

*Iulio.* Let our carriage in this attempt put on no show of violence either to the Duke, or his daughters.

*Amin.* And let our discourse goe so smoothly apparelled, that it moue not the patience of the most tender eare.

*Iulio.* About it then, though his intent be base,  
Our enterprise shall weare a noble face. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lisander like an Amazon.*

*Lisan.* Archadea, thou heauen, within whose sphere  
The starre that guides my motion is fixt,  
I couert thy gracious bolome with a kisse  
For this admittance: in thine amorous armes  
Faile *Violetta*, sayrer then the flower  
That christned her, and grace her with that name  
Doe play the wanton:

Onely her Father like a couetous Charle,  
Owner of that vnalewed Diamond,  
Hath made this desert Ile th'vnwilling chesse  
In which he locks her. But the fayre aduantage  
Of this large challenge, and my starres to friend,  
Ayded by this disguise, I shall breake ope  
His yron Casket, and enlarge my hope.

*Enter Dametas, and Manasset.*

*Manas.* This way she went sir, this way.

*Dam.* But I say this way, I would thou shouldst know, we olde  
Courtiers can hunt a Cony, and put her to the squeake, & make her  
cry out like a young married wife of the first night.

*Manas.* For more helpe, as some of them haue done,  
But there she is.

*Dam.* Ile vpon her presently, doost heare me sirra, thou vellsall of  
infirmities, woman, and by thy out-side little better then one of the  
wicked, come heether and show thy selfe before vs, show thy selfe be-  
fore *Dametas*.

*Lisan.* *Dametas*, *Lisander* then dissemble,  
For hee's the man must worke thy entrance.



## The fle of Gulls.

*Dam.* What art thou, I speake.

*Lisan.* My mother is the Queene of Amasons,  
My selfe a virgin, married vnto Armes  
And bold archieuments, who haue pac'd the world  
In quest of fayre *Anioffe* my sister:  
And turning homeward, the inconstant windes  
And wrathfull *Nepine* cast me on this shore.

*Dame.* And whats your busines now you are landed?

*Lisan.* My busines is priuate with the Duke.

*Dam.* The Duke is husie, and shall speake with nobody.

*Lisan.* I beseech you sir.

*Dam.* Tis no beseeching matter I assure you.

*Manaf.* No, neuer beseech for the matter, for except you could  
beseech with the tongue of Angels, tis no no purpose with him.

*Lisan.* Tis strange, I haue heard thy master is a very good man  
where he takes.

*Manaf.* True, where he takes he is, but he takes nothing of you,  
and therefore looke for no kindnesse from him.

*Lisan.* Good, and doost thou take after thy master?

*Ma* No madam, I take commonly afore my master, for where  
he takes, he takes all, and leaues nothing for me to take.

*Lisan.* Oh, I feele your meaning.

*Ma.* Let my Maister haue some feeling of yours, and heele pre-  
fer your sute.

*Lisa.* Tis not the Dukes pleasure Petitioners should buy theirs  
accesse.

*Ma.* Als one, tis my maisters pleasure, and vsuall fashion.

*Lisan.* And I must maintaine the fashion. Worshippfull *Dametas*,  
my late shipwrack as you see, hath made a defeate both of my friends  
and treasure, notwithstanding, Fortune hath reseru'd me one Jewell,  
which if I might request your worshipp in loue to accept, and be a  
meanes to worke my admittance to the Duke, I should become a  
true detter to your loue.

*Dame.* VVell Madam, tho I hate nothing more then a man that  
takes brybes, yet prest by your importunitie, and that you render it  
in loue, least I might seeme too nice to withstand a Ladies fauour, I'll  
weare it for your sake, and if the Duke be not too busily imployd,  
worke your accesse.



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Lisan.* So dooing, you shall performe the office of a dere-bought friend.

*Exie Dametas.*

*Manaf.* How quickly the tyde's turnde, but doe you heare Madam, the I take neither afore nor after my Maister, yet take my counsell, & doe not trust my maister: If you haue a fate to the Duke keepe it to your selfe, for if you trust my maister with it, heele prefer it for you, but heele begd for himselfe.

*Lisan.* Thats plaine cooledge.

*Ma.* Fie no, tis cunning in him, marry twould bee though little better then cooledge in a country gentleman: but he returns.

*Enter Dametas agen.*

*Dam.* Madam, I haue beene earnest, very earnest with the Duke for your admittance.

*Lisan.* And haue you wrought it?

*Dam.* I haue, marry you must thinke I bestowd much labor int.

*Lisan.* I may be you did.

*Da.* Tmay be you did: & looke a seance like a Polhecaries wife pounding *Collingwinda* haue my braines sweate for this.

*Lisan.* VVhy the Jewell is right *Dametas*, had I but an Ass that would sweate me such pearle.

*Dame.* An Alle? and sweate such pearle, He bar her admittance, heere take your Jewell, the Duke will allow no admittance, & I will keepe you backe.

*Lisan.* Keepe mee backe, thou couldst doe no more and I were a poore mans petitioner.

*Dame.* And He doe so much being a rich petitioner.

*Lisan.* You cannot sir. You Cour spannell, you vnneccessarie tru hump, that in one night art sprung out of the roote of greatnes, I haue bought my admittance, and He hate in *dispetto del fate*.

*Da.* I must admitt her, theseladies are so inward with our ricks, theres no good to be done vppon them: well Madam, your admittance is open, will ye follow.

*Lisan.* Wirth all my hart sir, He be the blind man and poore petitioner, and thou shalt play the Cour spannell with the suuer bell, & lead me into the Presence.

*Dam.* Cour spannell? mum: He besome what I thinke,  
Old Gibbs not blind, I see, altho I wink.

*Exeunt.*

*Fins actus primus.*



# The fle of Gulls.

*Enter Demetrias a Prince, attyred like a wood-man,  
with him his Page.*

*Deme.* Boy, how doost like me in this attyre?

*Page.* As the audience doe a bad play, security.

*Dem.* Is it not strange a prince should be thus metamorphosed?

*Page.* Not so strange as the metamorphosis of *Maax* and like your  
*Dem.* Grace you Aggor: hast not forgot that ye? (grace)

*Page.* No, and yet is a wonder I ha not, grace beeing so sildome  
vse, I mefere they say none at some Ordinarie, for at sitting down  
they cannot intend it for hunger, and arising vp, they are either  
drunke, or haue such mind a dce, they neuer remember, my Lord  
then.

*Deme.* No more Lord, sirra.

*Page.* Indcede there are many already, but is not this strange, that  
rich men should forsake their titles? maister then.

*Deme.* Your will sir.

*Page.* You haue lest many Countries behind you in seeking your  
friend *Lisander*, and yet you cannot find him. *Dem.* True sir.

*Page.* I ha seene much golde lying vppon I ombards stalls, and  
could neuer finger penny of it. *Deme.* Very well.

*Page.* Nay, twas not well sir.

*Dem.* What conclude you then?

*Page.* That you were best sit downe, and see what you ha got by  
your journey.

*Dam.* I haue seene a face as beautifull as heauen.

*Page.* Thats nothing, a prisoner sees the face of heauen it selfe,  
when hee lookes but out at the prison-gate, He stand roote, a man  
were as good be hangd, so a meet a handsome hangman, & a strong  
rope, as be in loue.

*Deme.* Your reason for that.

*Page.* Mary this sir, hanging is end of all troubles, & loue the be-  
ginning. Nay further, I think a *Lord* cannot be sau'd, for hee is of all  
*Dem.* Your prooffe for that. *208*

*Page.* This; hee thinks with the Atheist theres no G O D but his  
Mistis, with the Infidel no heauen but her smiles, with the papist no  
purgatory but her frownes, & with the familie of loue, hold it law-  
full to lie with her, though she be another mans wife.

*Deme.* So sir, what follows?

*Page.* Servingmen sir, the Maister goes in before his wife, & the  
servingman follows his maister.



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Dem.* Syra forebare, I must meditate.  
*Page* As the Vicer before he parts with mony, meditate vpon the assurance.

*Enter Lisander privately, and over-heares them.*

*Lisan.* If *Demetrius* presence be no gence he  
The memory of all things but he selfe on  
I should be more familiar with that face.

*Dem.* I haue left my country to seeke out my friend.

*Lisan.* And I my country and my friend for loue.

*Dem.* And in the search of him haue lost my selfe

In the strange Region of a womans eye.

*Lisan.* In Ioue, and in Aretus.

*Dem.* As much as heauen transcends the humble earth,

So rowres her praise, her face differs as faire

From others, as a glo-worme from a flarre.

She is a princeesse that my soule affects.

*Dem.* Halfe heyre vnto this Duke dome.

*Page* And shee were whole heyre to the foure morall Vertues,  
twere nothing: when shall I see the time that men will loue for ver-  
tue, or a rich heyre marry a poore wench without a portion, neuer I  
thinke.

*Dem.* Had not my friend *Lisander*.

*Dem.* Lest me in Thrace.

*Lisan.* We had neuer met in loue,

His sillables betray him. I arrest you.

*Page* Nor at his Taylers in any case, for theres no greater stiche to  
a younger brothers conscience, then to pay for a suite of apparell  
when tis worne out.

*Dem.* *Lisander* or his ghost.

*Lisan.* *Demetrius*,

Or some illusive tenant in his shape.

*Dem.* Vnkind, why didst thou leaue my company?

*Lisan.* For that which made the amorous Gods leaue heauen,  
For loue: but why is *Demetrius* thus disguised?

*Page* For that which would make a lacknapes a Mobkey, and he  
could get it a style.

*Lisan.* Why wage, is thy maister in loue?

*Page* Faith sir he hath entred his action in *Cyprius* court, & means



## The Isle of Gulls.

to proceede in the suite it should seeme.

*Dem:* Why didst not take my counsell in thy choise?

*Lisan:* Because I feard a chiding, for doubting thine honourable thoughts would not haue consented to my effeminate attempts, I stole this secret course, and manner of disguise, as best helping to access, which it hath begot, now what access he will bring forth, I commit to vnborne Industry.

*Dem:* It cannot but be prosperous: onely the strict obseruance of our loues, hinders the passage of our hopes.

*Lisan:* Indeed thats not the least hinderance, yet the Duke himselfe, and my quaint disguise hath remoued it out of my way, who not onely takes mee for a woman, but thatt allowd mee for my loues companion.

*Dem:* Fortune deales kindly with thee, I am as farr from access to my loue, as when I was in Thrace.

*Lisan:* *Dametia* is the oyster shell that holdes thy pearle, our wits must fish for him.

*Dem:* V Will the Gods head byre?

*Lisan:* Like an old *Vster* at a young heyres inheritance, and I hate ready hook for him: and heere he comes, my plot is to present thee to his seruice.

*Enter Demetius.*

*Dem:* Prethe doe, and Ile serue him in his right kind.

*Lisan:* *Dametia*, my loue is yours.

*Dam:* V Which madam I am as proud of

*Manaf:* As a malecontent of a chaunge, or an old Lady of a new fashion.

*Li:* To be rou'd I haue a suite to you in the behalfe of this woodman.

*Da:* To me sweet blossom, tho I be somewhat strick in mine office, I cannot be stony to Ladies. Fellow is thy petition drawne?

*Dem:* Petition.

*Manaf:* Your onely way to move her is by: Humbly to playing to your good worship, O is most pathetick, and indeed without money, can doe iust nothing with authoritie.

*Dam:* Come thet her stripling, whose sonnet wert thou?

*Dem:* I am not so wise a child as you take me for, I neuer knewe my father.

*Dam:* Didst not know thy father?

*Manaf.*



# The Ile of Gulls.

*Manf.* A common fault, his betters forget themselves whe they grow rich, then blaine not him so forget his father, shall they?

*Dam:* V What was his name?

*Dam:* If I may giue credite to my mother, they cald him *Mentalchas*, who on his death-bed made mee his heyre, with this charge, to seeke your worships service, & gaue me this gold as a remembrance to purchase your fauour.

*Dam:* Gold him?

*Ma:* Now doth my Maister long more to singe that gold, then a young gile married to an old man, dooth to rurne her husband ashore at Cuckolds haire.

*Dam:* Well, I could doe for this fatherlesse youth,

*Ma:* As many Executors and Overseers haue doone, cheate him of his portion, and then turne him out of doores a begging.

*Dam:* But for I haue the gardian-ship of the Prince, I dare doe nothing without the consent of the Duke.

*Lisat:* Come come sir, your worship shall not refuse him.

*Dam:* Well then I wot not, but tis for your sake I assure you.

*Man:* Meaning the gold.

*Dam:* What shall I call thy name?

*Dam:* *Doris*, and like your worship.

*Da.* Ah, good *Doris*, be an honest youth *Doris*, reuerence your Maister, and loue your selfe: be sure to get vnder me, and you shall loose nothing in my service. Madam, the Duke and Dutches expect you at the hunt, & await your comming at Dianacs oake.

*Lisat:* He attend them presently, be a good seruant *Doris*.

*Dam:* I will be his owne another day Madam.

*Lisat:* In the meane time let it be yours to lead the way.

*Dametis:* My service doth attend you,

*Ma.* As the Pursuant doth the prisoner for a double fee. *Exit.*

*Dam:* Welcome Slaue to a Slaue, a sayre presage,  
The hope of loue sweetens loues vassalage. *Exit.*

*Enter Amintor and Iulio, attyred like Satyres.*

*Amin:* Now & *Dametis* be the mettle he was stampt for, a right villaine.

*Iulio* And he be not, hang him.

*Amin:* Nay he deserves hanging to if he bee: but will you trust him?

*Iul.* Yes as farre as I see him, and hee that trusts him further, my



## The Fle of Gulls.

most is he will be deceipt.

*Amir:* Indee, he that will proue false to his maker, will be true to no man.

*Jul.* Yes for the present time, like a bawde to him that gives most.

*Amir:* Thais not for loue.

*Jul.* Yes of the mony: he that bookes for other loue in this age  
This is the place his Letter speaks of, and here he comes himselfe.

*Enter Dameris like a Huntsman.*

*Dam:* Why solo: now is the web of my hopes vpon the loote of perfection, and in this quech of flashes *Amir* and *Julio*, see and see not, all mum, you know your eques, The games your owne, if you can hunt it true.

*Enter the Duke Basilius.*

*Basil.* *Dameris*, were thine cares euer at a more muscicall banquet: how the hounds mouthes like bells are tuned one vnder another like a stothfulness, the speed of the cry out-ran my sence of hearing,

*Dam.* Crosse ouer the Forrest to *Dianas* oake my liedge, & there your grace advantage by the height of the ground, shall not onely at pleasure heare, but be eye-wines of their muscicall contention.

*Bas.* Thanks good *Dameris*, be thy directions our wines conuoy.

*Enter Gynelia, Violaeta, and Hippolita.*

*Gyn.* Where is this highines *Dameris*, where he expects your presence  
*Dam:* At *Adonis* bower Madam, where he expects your presence to see the fleshing of a couple of Sparane hounds, in the wasting blood of the spent Deare!

*Gyn.* Thankes good *Dameris*, mine eyes would not be good friends with my feete, should they not bring em to that kingly sport.

*Dame.* Sweet Ladies, to saue you the expence of much breath, which must be laid out in the purchase of the game, I haue provided you this stand, from whence your eyes may be commanders of the sport: such sport as you little dreame of.

*Viola.* We are your loues detters kind *Dameris*,

As I loue vertue I pittie these poore beastes,

These Syluane comoners, to see what taskes

Our couetous Forresters impose vpon them,

Who not content with impost of their breath,

(Poore harts,) pursue them smiling to their death.

*Dame:* T was the end of their creation Madam.



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Hip.* So was the end of ours to live in peace,  
And not to tyrannise on harmlesse beastes,  
But Forrellers, like Images set forth  
The tyrannie of greatnelle without pittie,  
As they the Deare, so coucious wealth pursues  
The trembling state of their inferiours,  
And to clasp vp the volume of their finnes;  
They drinke theyr blood, and clothe them with their skinnes,  
Then cease to presse poore beastes with tyrannie,  
You loue your liues, thinke they are loth to die.

*Dam:* You are too tender-hearted to be a good huntswoman lady;  
*Viol.* And some of you too hard-hearted, but leaving this discourse  
of hunting, haue all our gallantry of Lacedemon and Greece, spent  
the vigor of their wits, that not one dares venter.

*Hip.* For our loues sister, you may see the properer women, the  
worle lucke.

*Dam:* Tush, you shall haue sisters, feare not, madam.

*Hip.* No at any hand sister, for with a feare it comes.

*Viol.* Then Ile feare of purpose, because I would haue em come.

*Dam.* And they doe not, they are notable cowards.

*Hip.* Then let em keepe away still, for I haue vowed my maiden-  
head shall neuer doe homage to the bed of a coward.

*Dame:* Sweet Ladies, will you beguile a minute or two with this  
discourse, till I step vp to the top of the hill, and make discouerie of

*Viol:* Let your returne be speedy good *Dametias.* (the game,

*Dam:* Ile put on wings and flie,

*Exit.*

*Viol:* Out of the Court, and the whole Country shall haue a good  
riddance.

*Amin:* So, hee hath put em faire to the stand, lets issue and surprise  
*Iulio:* Be resolute and suddaine. (them,

*Aminster and Iulio, issue out and beare them away.*

*Viol:* Murther, treason, rescue, helpe.

*Enter first Dametias, and then the Duke.*

*Dam:* Yes much reskewe, much helpe, much *Dametias:* why so,  
thisiest was drawn home close to the head, it cannot chuse but cleaue  
the very whire of our hopes, the Dukes wir: to thy tackle good wit,  
some suddaine sea roome, or our stratagem is run a ground.

*Basil.* Tell me *Dametias,* was not the Deare a prodigall, did he not



## The File of Gulls.

spend his breath freely amongst vs? and to breathe more.

*Dam.* And his blood too my hedge, but did you observe how the hounds like politicians nosd out the game?

*Ba.* True: & comming to the losse *Melampus*, but where are our daughters?

*Da.* Did you observe that my liege, that *Melampus* as a true hound is euer horce cheerd or hollow, yet he kept time to.

*Ba.* Certaine *Dametas*, but where are our daughters man?

*Da.* Busie my Lord vnder a brake bush, disputing of the vertue of sweet water, and ground I use.

*(Try within, it is a son, murder, reskew, helpe not)*

*Ba.* V Whatety of reason that *Dametas*?  
Pray God no danger sets vpon my daughters,  
Secke out our wife, He hath vnto their reskue.

*Da.* And my sword vn-employd? all eageance lyes pay to that my Liege, I am for the aduventure my selfe, if they bee surpris'd (I am a mad man) your grace shall heare more: if not (I am the more for-ric) your grace shall heare more to: make place with your thoughts till my returne, and doubt not their recouery.

*Enter the Duches with her daughters, Demetrius, A.*

*Lisander. Et.*

*Gyn.* Speake, where's the Duke?

*Ba.* Here my *Gentilia*.

What meane these weapons, are our daughters safe?

*Viol.* As a thiefe in a mill father, we thank our redemmers.

*Dam.* The more my grieffe, were you surpris'd then madam?

*Hep.* Yes sayeth *Dametas*.

*Da.* And how sweet Ladies, and how were you reskewd?

*Gyn.* Being surpris'd, this gallant *A* mason

Prest to their reskew, had you scene what worth

She and this woodman spent in our defence,

Wonder would ha berst you of all fence,

She raide her sword with such a manly grace,

As had not her mild sexe contrould my thoughts,

I could haue salne in loue with her high worth.

*Lisan.* You ouer-price vs madam, not our desert

But the weak spirits of our opposites,

Cause iuster to the dimmes of our worth.



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Basil.* If please your modesty to lesson it,  
But it shall still live great in our regard. What woodmans hat?

*Dame.* My follower my Liege.

*Basil.* What ere he be, he hath deseru'd our loue,

Fellow be neere vs, and for this desert,

Performe against those Traytors to our blood,

Under thy maister we giue thee an attendant,

To garde the life and safetie of our daughter.

*Hip.* Thanke you good father, who euer loose by the bargaine, I  
ha' got me a seruant by the match: wot seru' me fellow?

*Deme.* In the best I can,  
In hart your fellow, though in shew your man.

*Hip.* I'll try your dauidous seruice: I command,  
Your knee to kisse the ground, your lip my hand.

*Deme.* Pardon me Madam.

*Hippol.* Heeres hore loue no doubt,  
I may command my man, and goe without;

*Basil.* True to this ayrie warre, these paper bullets  
Better become a Closset then a Parke,

The Forrest musick is to heare the hounds

Rend the thimayre, and with a lustie cry

Awake the drowfie Eccho, and confound

Their perfect language in a mingled sound,

Then to the Court, our Forrest sport being done,

A second chase of lonelier sport's begunne.

*Exeunt.*

*Deme.* If fortune crosse not what our hopes pursue,  
Our feares haue met theyr deaths, our loues theyr due.

*Exit.*

*Dame.* Cross in my hopes, the Ladies reskewd, and the Princes  
like crauens beate out of the game-place, my intencion must turne  
travailer for more straggements: what & I should discouer their plot  
to the Duke, at each ear for traytors, and begge their lands for my labour,  
though they be my friends, were a pretty parcell of policie.  
All things are lawfull that doe profit bring,  
A wife-mans bow goes with a two-fold string.

*Enter* *Isisander*, and *Demetrius*.

*Isisam.* Did euer two princes meete such strange changes in their  
loues? now we haue wrought our admittance, and in a manner got



## The fle of Gulls.

can into our possessions, our hopes like false fires having brought vs  
within their vniush, and leaue vs out of all comfort.

*Dem:* That the duke should dare vpon mee for a woman, makes  
for our purpose, but that the dukes should be crannowd on the  
for a man, is prepossious.

*Lisam.* Whether my valer shouene in the rescue of the Ladies, or  
the ardent glances her daughters beaury scales from mine eyes, giue  
her thoughts incouragement, I know not, but her hopes stand confi-  
dent I am a man, & for that cause am I bard from access.

*Dem:* I way thy countenances by mine owne, for tho by the Dukes  
allowance I am her priuiledged attendant, yet such is the deulthnes  
of *Dametia*, that I cannot ioi so much access as to confer with her.

*Page* I can compare my lord and his friend to nothing in the world  
so fitly as to a couple of water buckets, for whilst hope winds the one  
vp, dispaire plunges the other downe, whilst I like a Haslakene in an  
Italian comedy, stand making faces at both their follies.

*Lisam:* V Well, since the shape of our proceeding grows so mon-  
strous, lets cast our inuentions in a new mold, and having so firme a  
foundation as this disguise to build vpon, lets draw the modell, and  
raise the whole frame of our attempts anew.

*Dem:* Indee, louers should be conditiond like tyrants, who ha-  
uing the ayne of a crowne in their eye once, runne violently ouer all  
lets that interuent their course, and so must we.

*Lisam.* And so will wee, my resolutions already bent, & if I shoue  
not, the next leuell I take, Loue I beseech thee breake thy bow about  
mine cares, and strike the hornes in my forehead, for married men to  
hang their capson.

*Dem:* I haue met a meanes fit for my purpose already: *Mopsa*  
*Dametia* onely daughter, is ouershoes in loue with me, & so her Ille  
faine extreame ardor of affection, and make her the shadowe vnder  
which Ile court the true substance of my deuine *Hippolita*.  
*Lisam.* About it then, Ile sweate my inuention to death but Ile o-  
uertake thee; but here comes one of my Barres, I must beare his  
importunitie, for no reasonable deniall will brush him of.

*Enter the Duke.*

*Basil. Zelmane.*

*Lisam.* My Liedge.

*Basil:* My thoughts come like a saile afore the wind, swolne big  
with newes, and thine cares the midwife must deliver me of this bur-

then,



## The Ile of Gulls.

then, my Dutches is sick, hart sicke for thee *Zelmanc*.

*Lisan.* For mee, why may Lord, I am no *Rosajolis*, nor *Agnes mirabilis* to recover sicke folkes.

*Basil.* Shall I be shor with thee? My Ladies in loue with thee.

*Lisan.* With me my Lord.

*Basil.* With thee my Lady: her amorous glances are her accusers, her very lookes write Sonnets in thy cōmendations, shee carues thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde, shee's turnd sunne-riser, haunts private walks, & like a disgraft Courtier, studies the Art of melancholy. *Lisan.* Now alas good Lady.

*Basil.* Nay neuer pity her, she deserves none, rather lets bend our induers to inangle her more. To see the kindness of Fortune who fearing we should be acquainted with solitude in this our 12 month retirement, hath begot a domestickall merriment, and made our own thoughts actors in, and as bad a Poet as I am, Ile ha one sceane int of mine owne inuention.

*Lisan.* *Dameras* will storme at that, for he cannot indure Poetrie should be countnaft: but how ist my Liege?

*Basil.* Tis ready plotted already, and that the Dutches may not find thee vnprovided when she comes to court thee

*Lisan.* Court me, court a woman my Liedge.

*Basil.* VVhy thats the very happinesse of the iell, but in any case confesse thy selfe a man.

*Lisan.* A man my liedge, I ha no colour fort.

*Basil.* Tush Ile furnish thee, say thou art some Prince, no matter who, & hast to do with this disguise of purpose to court my daughter. *Li.* Is this sceane of your owne inuention my liege? (*ter Violenta*, *Ba.* Mine owne faith, and so confirm the rather, vse more oft & priuate conference with my daughter, interchange discourse & amorous dalliance, oh will set my Dutches affections a fire, to thinke her riuald by her daughter, and giue vs smooth passage to our loue.

*Li.* How occasion plaies the wanton with me. Well my liedge, do but you worl: my admittance to your daughter, & Ile bestow al the art I am woorth in courting her, and see, as if Fortune had a hand in our Comedy, she hath entred the Dutches iust at her que, shadowe your selfe in your Arke, & leaue me to giue her entertainment.

*Basil.* Forget not to personate some Prince in any case.

*Lisan.* Ile warrant you, Ile play the Prince with much art.



# The Fle of Gulls.

*Enter the Dutches.*

*Dutches.* This way he went, on this sweet violet bed  
Sill dwells the print of his enamour tread,  
The deprest flowers haue strengthened their sweete  
By stealing amorous kisses from his fecte.

*Basil.* Absolute Poet, *Penelope* was a ballet-maker to her.

*Tut.* Oh do not flie my presence, gentle wanton stay,  
What haue I found you, faith you run-away  
Ile ye a chaine about your wast for this,  
And make you buy your freedom with a kisse.

*Lis.* Fie madam, this curlesie is more then needes.

*Dut.* Be not so coy, let not a louing Dame  
Find thee lesse kind then sencelesse elements,  
Thou neuer walkst, but the enamour ayre  
Like an officious louer beares thy traine,  
Whilst the coole wind doth with his veluet wing  
Fanne the thinn ayre vpon thy sweatie cheeke,  
Stealing sweet kisses from thy sicken lip.

*Lisam.* Shield this vaine breath, beate at some ladies care.

*Dut.* But you are none, you are not, come you are not,  
Your valor, looks, and gesture shew you are not,  
Your manly brow, and your commanding eye,  
Where war and fortune dwell in maiestie,  
Your private walkes, and varied passions,  
Your glances to my daughter, sure you are not,  
And my firme loue is confident you are not.

*Ba.* There's a louer of a right temper, shee outface the  
name of her sexe instantly.

*Lis.* Well madam, such your obseruation hath discoverd mee, vpon  
promise of your secrecie I confesse my selfe a man.

*Basil.* Good, excellent, how truly she takes my directions.

*Dut.* I knew my iudgement could not be deceiud,  
Nor durst proud loue haue done me so much wrong  
To cast my thoughts vnto a womans eye.

*Basil.* Loue durst not, good, good, excellent, what next?

*Lisam.* But madam, now I am knowne to you, what further request  
*Dut.* Exchange of looks, and freedom of thy bed,  
Thy presence, thy embracements, thy kind loue,  
(you.



## The Ile of Gulls.

For which my amorous thoughts have long line sicke.

*Basil.* Thank you good wife, nay & a Dutches long to give her husbands the horning, let it neuer greue butchers to doe homage at Cuckolds haue.

*Lisan.* Well madam, to give content to your affections, and in a strong hope you will mediate my sute to your daughter, for our but fir time and opportunie, and master your desires.

*Basil.* And he were a man now I might be rarely rapt.

*Dur.* Giue me thy hand then, with this amorous kisse I scale thee mine.

*Lis.* And I confirm with this.

*Basil.* Rare, rare, rare, she's his scald and delu'd in the presence of D. Now least my husband should suspect our loue, (her husband. Ba. Now, what shadow for that now.

*Du.* Heare a good iell, perswade him th'art a woman.

*Lis.* Thats not to doe now madam, for he as confidently believes and ardently courts me for a woman, as you for a man.

*Du.* Good, excellent, maintaine that humor still, Seeme coy, looke nice, and as we woomen vse, Be mild and proud, imbrace, and yet refuse.

*Basil.* Excellent vertues in a woman.

*Du.* I prethe doe, twill be a sceane of mirth For me to quote his passions and his smiles, His amorous hauiour, and how his eye Will beget strange varietie of lookes,

And shoote em into thine, but the cheefe sports this To see an old man with a young man kisse. *Exit Du.*

*Basil.* To see an old Dutches a young Lady kisse.

Now the plot packs the sceanes all comicall, I cannot speake for laughter, to see these women That would be counted wonders for their wit, Lay plots to gull themselves, silly conceit,

*Lis.* To take me for a man.

*Basil.* And arme herselfe

To laugh at me, make iests and scoffes at me, But soothe her humor, the reuenge shee de throw Vpon my head, shall fall on her owne brow. *Exit.*

*Lis.* Vpon you both, so, so, so, how greedily their inuentions like bugles followes the sens of their own gullery, yet these are no fooles.



## The Feile of Gulls.

God forbid, not they: but to the drift, mirth in my warme blood sits, laughing at this division of theyr wits.

*Enter Viola and Hippolita.*

*Hip.* Worre beleue me sister, I neuer eate a cherry, but it puts me in mind of a husband, it kisses my lippes with such a harmlesse pretines.

*Viol.* Now in good dedde lo I loue em a life to, I thinke I shall neuer ha my belly full on em.

*Hip.* Of what, not of husbands *Viola*.

*Viol.* No, of cherries *Hippolita*, but take heede of em, they be a verie filling meate, and dangerous things for vs maides I can tell you, wee may surfer after em presently.

*Hip.* Surfer after what, a husband?

*Viol.* I and after cherries to *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* I warrant you sister, an old lady in Lacedemon taught mee a preseruatiue against that. *Viol.* For the loue of cherries what,

*Hip.* Marry this it was, shil sayd she, betwixt euery cherry said shee, be sure to cracke a stone said she.

*Viol.* Then let me alone, Ile cracke a couple a stones betwixt euerie cherry, rather then surfer on em.

*Hip.* You must take heede you cracke not too many to, for you may surfer of the stone as well as of the cherry.

*Vi.* Nay & they be such dangerous things, I haue done with em.

*Hip.* So haue I to for this time, but sister, is it not a strange kind of seruile libertie that we liue in heere in Archadea?

*Viol.* For all the world as Englishmen keepe their fellows, & Italians their wiues, we neuer stirre abroad without our laylors.

*Hip.* And for what cause forsooth, onely to keep vs frō marriage.

*Viol.* Sure tis cyther some high content, or extreame discommoditie, that our father debars vs of it.

*Hip.* By this stone me thinks I long like a woman with child, till I know the difference betwixt a maid and a wife.

*Viol.* Well, god a mercy of all curse foules, I was nere the knowledge out last night I can tell you.

*Hip.* O that I had bene with thee I might ha bene so to: for loue of marriage how?

*Viol.* Why thus: as I lay slumbering in my bed,  
No creature with me but my maydenhead.



## The Ile of Gulls.

*Hip.* Is that a creature?

*Ziel.* Some maintaine it is,

Got in the eye, conceived in a kisse:

Others whose speech seeme neere a kin to truth

Say tis a palsion, bred ith heate of youth,

Some call a sigh, and some an amorous grone,

All differ in the definition,

But in the allowd opinion of most,

Tis neuer truly had till it be lost.

But lying thus alone, as maydes doe vse,

Me thought I dreamt, as maydes can hardly chuse,

And in my dreame me thought twas too much wrong

A prettie maid should lie alone so long:

With that a gallant comes, gallants can doe

Much with young maydes,

*Hip.* And with old women to.

*Zio.* He courted me once, and agen, and thrice,

Tis verue to say nay, to be too nice

Agrees not with my humor, yet some say,

We maydes with things, to which we aunswere nay,

Briefely me thought he stood so long a wooing,

I rather could a whilst he had bene dooing

Some other busines, yet at last we greed,

I were strange if earnest suiters should not speede.

*Hip.* In what agreed you?

*Ziel.* In our wedding ring,

Time, place, and howe, indeede in euery thing:-

The day appointed, and each thing in frame,

I thought each howe an age vntill it came,

VVell, come it is, the morning once in sight,

I thought it tenne times longer till twas night.

At dinner time me thought I sweld with pride

To be drunke to by name of Mistris bride,

Musicke spake loude, no delicacies were scant,

Yet still me thought another thing did want,

For sure thought I, theres something in a man

Thar wines loue well, hope brides may wish it than.

Long lookt for comes at last, to bed we goe.



## The Tlie of Gulls.

*Hip.* Would I had dreamt I might ha done so to.

*Viol.* My bed-spare turnd, and as he would ha spoke  
I sweat with feare; and in that feare I wote,

But seeing my kind bed-fellow was gone,  
I ord how it chaste me that I wakt so soone,  
One minuts dreaming longer, I had tride,  
The difference twixt a virgin and a bride.

*Hip.* O twould ha vext a saint, my blood would burne  
To be so nere, and misse so good a turne.

*Vio.* And so did mine to I warrant you, may tho I be but a little  
poor, I shall be as soone hote as another.

*Hip.* You should not be my sister else.

*Vio.* Nor my mothers daughter neither. *Hip.* And in good earnest we are not fatherd much amis. *Viol.* Are you awild of that, and yfaith tell me, what thinke you of your servant *Dorcas*.

*Hip.* As of a sweet Almond in a rugged shell, the sun in a clowde, or a welthy diamond in a rock, indeede cleane contrary to the world, he weares the worst side outward, & is much better then he seemes: but what thinke you of your manly Amazon.

*Vio.* Nay the sport is I know not what to thinke, *Zelma*nes humer would afford proect for a prettie Court comedie, my father courtis her for a woman, and as I teare shee is, my mother doates vppon her for a man, and as I wish he were, and that with such an ardor of affection, that I could find in my hart to turne my mother out of the companie, and play the louers part my selfe.

*Hip.* How euer man or woman, the iest holds currant in one.

*Vio.* I knowe not what knauish motion hath had to doe with my thought; but my mind tells me that your servant *Dorcas* & my Amazon, are other then they seeme: and heere he comes.

*Enter first Lisander, then Miso, Mopsa, Demetrius.*

*Miso.* Why how now madam, Ladies gadding, is this the obedience of your fathers charge.

*Lisan.* Pardon Mistress *Miso*, twas my dooing and the Dukes.

*Miso.* But the Dutches w<sup>t</sup> I like neither the Dukes doings nor yours neither in this case I can tell you. The Duke staies your coming, & yet the dutches is very desirous ont, my husband is in the next Arbor to man you. For you Lady, my presence be your priuiledge.

*Miso.* Should be either a hangman or a Herald, for shee neuer



## The Ile of Gulls.

comes amongst vs, but she quarters our company and armes.

*De.* Excellent beautie, & therefore more excellent, because situate in so faire a creature. *Mops.* You are a merry man *Dorus*, but all this cannot make me think you loue me, how say you mother doth he.

*Mi.* Mary let him chose daughter, when I was as thou art.

*Hip.* You were as she is, but faith madam *Mopsa*, I perceiue my seruant *Dorus* beares a months mind to you, be not so straighlaced to him. *Mop.* Straighlaced, I god mend me I am not laced at all, am I *Dorus*, no in sooth, I goe wide ope wensday, I neuer lace my selfe but on sondaies, & that for feare I should burst with eating of plum porridge. *Hip.* I mean let fall some comfortable lookes on your suter.

*Mop.* I god mend mee Ile let fall or take vp any thing I haue to doe him good. *Hip.* Why thats kindly said, & *Dorus* your loue is verie ambitious, to climbe so hie as the beautifull *Mopsa*.

*Mop.* O are you auid of that, twold make a horse breake his bridle to heare how the youth of the village will commend me, oh the prettie little pinking myes of *Mopsa* saies one, oh the fine flat lippes of *Mopsa* saies another, and then doe I bridle my head like a malt-horse thus, set mine armes a kemb thus, wrethe my necke and my bodie thus, winke with one eye thus, & spread my peacocks tayle as broad as the proudest minx of em all.

*Hip.* These extraordinary graces must not want admiration, but where's your mother. *Miso.* Speake softly in the Lobby there, for waking my Ladies soiling hound. *Mop.* Godsmee, my mothers stealing of a nap.

*Hip.* Nay, she cannot be said to steale a nap, for the noise she makes herselfe would discover her theft: but *Dorus* fith your fortunes are poore, you should studie to enoble your desertis, and beget effects worthy to court and win your Ladies acceptance.

*Dem.* Lasse madam, I chuse no better moderater then your selfe, betwixt me and my vnworthy seruices, suppose your selfe tho but a Cucko compar'd with this sweet singing Nitingale, should be sued to by a prince like me, I meane like me in loue, for loue in princes & peasants admits cōparison: suppose *Demetrius* should in like disguise court you as I doe, *Mopsa*, sigh for you, as I doe, for *Mopsa*, kneele to you thus, as I doe, to *Mopsa*, lay downe his life to you, as I doe, to *Mopsa*, prefer your good before his owne, as I protest I do, *Mopsa*, suppose he should show you the known mark of his neck, to assure



## The Fle of Gulls.

you he were *Demetrius*, as I do this to *Mopsa*, to witnes I am the son of *Menalcas*, could your disdain stand out like *Mopsas*?

*Hip.* What a kenes necessity sets upon the edge of inuention, trust me *Mopsa* your seruant speakes wel, & if he can proue himselfe the man he speakes of, and my wishes wel hope, *Demetrius*, you haue no reason to thinke scorn of him. *Mop.* Why what should I do madam, my mother tells me I must not say as I think.

*Hip.* I am no counseller, but should *Demetrius* in like disguise court me, thus would I embrace him, thus scale my affections with a kisse, & thus argue: think not *Demetrius* that the clouds of basenes could so muste thee, but that the sun of valor shind thro them long since, & in regard of thy seruicable dutie in concealing, and vnpresented policy in thus making known thy loue, for but our fit opportunity, & in despite of all gardians strict obseruance, go where thou wilt, the worth of *Demetrius* shall draw *Hippolita*, this would I vow, and this will I performe.

*De.* And were I *Demetrius* & you *Hippolita*, I would decieue *Dametia*, outreach *Miso*, forswear *Mopsa*, & forsake Archades to share the fortunes of diuine *Hippolita*. *Mop.* And what should I doe then?

*Dem.* I do but speake in the person of *Demetrius*, & vnder *Hippolita* shadow what I intend to the rare, and neuer enough wondred at *Mopsa*, the black swan of beauty, & madg-howled of adoration.

*Mop.* Do not you flout me *Dem.*, & you do not, provide a priest and Ile marry you, and my father and mother shal neuer know out, *De.* *Manassers* is the man. *Mop.* And Ile be the woman, who so ever say nay toote, little dreames my mother of what we haue done.

*De.* I may be she did, for she sigh'd & grond much in her sleepe. *Mop.* Tis wel she was so quiet, for she eate pease poridge to breakfast, & theyle make me break wind in my sleepe like a horse, and see as the deuil will hate she wakes, and here comes my father, no words and ye loue me.

*Enter Dametia.*

*Dam.* Why god a mercy *Dorus*, this diligence becomes the seruant of *Dametia*, and Ile prefer thee fort.

*Hip.* You were worse then the deuils, for they say hee helps his seruants, then you may doe little & you cannot helpe yours.

*Da.* Will you break your iests against the barres of you chamber windowe, & cleere the greene, the duke is comming to bowles, & I could not for halfe mine office you should be a rub in the way of his



*The Ile of Gullies.*

patience: Daughter and Wife, conduct her to the Lodge. *Exit.*  
And *Dorus*, make you haste about your businesse.

*Demet.* I warrant you Sir: be my hopes rightly plasse?  
You will condemne me for my too much haste. *Exeunt.*

*Damet.* Why so: this tis to be in authoritie: Inferiour persons,  
I and the Princes themselves, flie from my presence, like the chir-  
ping Birdes from the sight of the Faulcon: my verie breath like a  
mighty wind blowes away inferiour Officers (the Court rubbish)  
out of my way, and giues me a smooth passage: I am the morning  
starre, I am seldome seene but about the rising of the Sunne: in-  
deede I am neuer out of the Dukes eye; and heere he comes.

*Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Lisander, Violet.*

*Duke.* Doth our match hold.

*Dutch.* Yes, whose part will you take.

*Duke.* *Zelmanta.*

*Dutch.* Soft, that match is yet to make.

*Viol.* Lets cast a choice, the neereft two take one.

*Lis.* My choice is cast, helpe sweet occasion,

*Viol.* Come, heere's agood.

*Lis.* Well, betterd.

*Dutch.* Best of all.

*Lis.* The Duke and I.

*Duk.* The weakest goe to the wall,

*Viol.* He lead.

*Lis.* He follow.

*Viol.* We haue both one mind,

*Lis.* In what?

*Viol.* In leauing the old folke behinde.

*Duk.* Well iusted daughter, and you lead not faire,

The hindmost hound, though old, may catch the hare,

*Dutch.* Your last Boule comes?

*Viol.* By the faith a me, well led,

*Lis.* Would I might lead you,

*Viol.* Whither?

*Lis.* To my bed.

*Viol.* I am sure you would not?

*Lis.* By this aire I would.

*Viol.* I hope you would not hurt me, and you should.

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Ido



*The Ile of Gullibee.*

*Lis.* I'de leue you sweet.

*Viol.* Sowre, so I heard you say.

*Lis.* Accept it then.

*Viol.* Of what acquaintance pray?

*Lis.* O'loues, and mine.

*Duke.* Daughter, your bowle winnes one.

*Viol.* None of my Maidenhead Father, I am gone  
The *Mason* hath wonne one.

*Lis.* Yeld to that.

*Viol.* The cast I doc.

*Lis.* Your selfe?

*Viol.* Nay scrape out that.

*Dutch.* Whole is it yet?

*Lis.* The Dukes: play smooch and fine,

The smallest hepe that is, will make your mine.

*Viol.* Me yours?

*Lis.* Your mine, for sho the cast I loose,  
I ha wonne your loue.

*Viol.* Much: in my tether hoofe.

*Dutch.* Come, the last marke: this cast is worth all the rest.

*Viol.* The leader as the follower.

*Lis.* Badd's the best,

I winne her for ten crownes, and there they be.

*Viol.* I take your lay.

*Lis.* A match twixt you and me.

*Dutch.* He be your halfe.

*Duk.* That were vnkindly done.

*Viol.* Pardon me mother, He beare all or none.

*Lis.* I ha wonne you Madam.

*Viol.* Me?

*Lis.* I meane your bet.

*Viol.* Then take your winnings, He not die in debt.

*Lis.* Madam beleue me, I am as I proest, a Prince, my name  
*Lisander.*

*Viol.* Looke to the Dukes standing Madam.

*Dutch.* So I will warrant you, and to your falling.

*Lis.* Thus clouded as you see, for your loue, my soule speakes in  
my tongue: I appointed this match at bowles a purpose to ac-  
quaint



*The Ile of Gullies.*

quaint you with it.

*Viol.* Barre Realing Father; yet and all his right,  
Heer's one would steale a piece of Hells ro night.

*Lis.* Deere Madam.

*Viol.* No more words, I haue perceiued as much in your cle, as  
you can expresse with your tongue, and as farr as my mothers ic-  
joulic would giue me leaue, answered it wich kind lookes: your  
bias stands wrong mother.

*Dutch.* Why? It stands towards *Zalmannes*.

*Viol.* Hath it stood so long?

*Dutch.* All the game thro.

*Viol.* Then all your game's bold wrong: furnish you with neces-  
saries besitting an escape, & my wil shalbe as ready to take wing,  
as yours; put in a cast now mother, or the game is gone indeede.

*Dutch.* Whose is the throw?

*Viol.* Ours, till the last bowle came.

But that hath went'em cleere, both cast and game.

*Lis.* Our winnings come, a kisse and bare the rest.

*Dutch.* What doe you kisse in earnest or in iest?

*Viol.* In earnest in good truth.

*Duk.* Troth, kindly sed,

Take heed you kisse not out your maidenhead.

*Viol.* In iest?

*Duk.* In earnest.

*Viol.* T is the fashion,

Much in reddest among our Nation.

*Duk.* To kisse away their maidenheads?

*Viol.* Now and then,

And being gone, to kisse it backe agen:

For lovers indentures are nea're fairely drawne;

Yntill the maidenhead be left in pawe.

As earnest of the match, so mothers sed,

And so will daughters do when Mams be dead.

*Duke.* What? pawne their maidenhead?

*Viol.* Yes, and loose'em too.

*Dutch.* And youle maintaine that fashion?

*Viol.* Signeor Noc,

*Musicke of Bells &c.*

*Duk.* Lay by this homebred mirth, and prepare your cares to  
entertaine strangers.



*The Ile of Goules.*

*Viol.* Stranger? why Father, Strangers are as welcome to mee, as mine owne Countrymen; if they bring good manners, & civill humanitie in their companie: otherwise, they are like foule weather, come afore they be sent for.

*Enter Demetrius, Manasses, Iulio, & Amintas.*

*Viol.* Demetrius, may then we shall have newes enough; for he neuer comes into the Presence, but he brings a whole sacke full of lyes: of newes I should say.

*Duke.* Welcome Demetrius: what officious fellow is that?

*Dam.* A pure welwiller of your Maiesties, & a follower of mine.

*Viol.* O is Manasses, and he could make Armes as wel as he mares Legges, he would grow in great request for Heraldrie: What's your newes?

*Manas.* These Lacedemonians, Subiectes to your Maiestie, having a Messadgeto deliver to your Maiesties instruments of hearing, commonly eclips, cares.

*Viol.* How? Hath any one heere, clipt cares?

*Manas.* Swere Femenine, clipt off the raile of thy discourse with the Sissars of attention, as I say, these Lacedemonians have chosen me their tongue.

*Viol.* O a long tongue thou speakest verie little.

*Manas.* That proues me no woman, for they speake over much.

*Duk.* What greuances oppresse them? briefly speake.

*Ami.* Marchandise (my Ledge) through the avarice of purchasing Officers, is rackt with such vnmmercifull Imposit, that the very name of Traffique grows odious euen to the professor.

*Iulio.* Townes so opprest for want of wanted and naturall libertie, as that the native Inhabitants seeme Slaues, & the Forrayners free Denizens.

*Ami.* Offices so bought and sold, that before the purchaser can be sayd to be placed in his Office, he is againe by his conuentional Patrone displac't.

*Iulio.* Common Riots, Rapes, and wilfull Homicide in great mens followers, not onely, not punished, but in a manner countenanced and applauded.

*Ami.* Indee since your Maiestie left the Land, the whole bodie of the Common-wealth runnes cleane against the byas of true and pristine gouernement.

*Iulio.* And



*The Ile of Gulls.*

*Iulio.* And your honorable Brother, like a Shipp roffe vpon the violent billowes of this Insurrection, by vs intricate your Majesties Letters of speedy reformation, for feare the whole kingdome suffer ineuitable shipwracke.

*Duke.* Which after short deliberation with our Counsell, your selfe shall returre. *Danius,* reward their trayayles with 200. Crownes: in the meane time, let'em taste the best entertainment of our Court.

Proud Rebels, they shall see that a Dukes frowne,  
Can at his pleasure, turne Rebellion downe;  
See them rewarded.

*Ami.* *Maugres,* see the fellowes entertaind; I must attende of the Duke.

*Mar.* Boy, see the fellowes entertaind? I must waite of my lord, Boy. Fellowes, be as merrie as you may, I must follow my M.

*Ami.* So, heere's Petitioners attendance right; good words, and short commons: But tis not their entertainment wee come for. I made a simple shift to get entertainment into the Court, *Iuli.* Well *Cupid,* pray for our liues, for and we were gone, I know not where thou wouldst haue two such statesmen againe.

*Ami.* His Common-wealth could not stand without vs: and that his Mother knowes well enough; and he sends, no better successse then we had at our hunting, hee looses a friend of mee.

*Iuli.* T'will not sinke in my thought yet, but that olde mustie *Flaue Danius* playde the Flaue with vs.

*Ami.* Would I could proue it once; but since we are againe admitted our Realme, shall wee be idle? somewhat weele doe, though they giue vs but small thanks for our labour.

*Iuli.* The Duke shall not say his Daughters are so ill beloued, but weele change a thrust or two with his intent for'em.

*Ami.* T'would put the poore Wenches out of conceit with themselves, and there should not be seme contending for'em.

*Iuli.* We are in the way to catch the old one, and then our ayme deceiues not.

*Ami.* We are I saith; Inuention could not weaue,  
A quainter webbe, Suspicion to deceaue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Islander and Demetrius.*

*Demet.* Come, passe off this croueling imitation; a Louer



*The life of Gullies.*

thoughts must be ambitious, and like the Eagle, forming the bate  
ayre where Kites and Crows lie flagging; mount the cleare skie  
of Inuention, & ouerpeere al hindrances:

The Ladies themselves are willing.

*Lis.* Ready to imbarke vpo the next tide of occasion whatsoeuer.

*Demet.* Let me alone to worke it then. But heere comes my  
Boy.

*Enter Page.*

*Boy.* T'were more for your credite Sir, and you could say your  
man: but men & warr were worne out of fashion both in a Sommer,

*Lis.* I am of thy beliefe in that, Boy.

*Boy.* Would my Lord were so too, Sir.

*Dem.* Suppose I were: Sir what then?

*Boy.* I should (as many vpharres haue done) prooue rich: for  
I belecue you would make me your heire.

*Demet.* Is that part of your beliefe?

*Boy.* A principall poynt Sir.

*Dem.* Renounce it then, for I belecue you're neuer belau'd by't.

*Boy.* I am sure I cannot loose by't. I belecue further, that many  
Knights, and some Ladies, were neuer of Gods making.

*Lis.* Of whose then, wagger?

*Boy.* He tell you: the Miners quoine Gold, Gold makes He-  
ralsds, Heraldsmake Knights, and Knights Rauppe Ladies.

*Dem.* And what doe Ladies?

*Boy.* They liue nor idlie neither; they make some Knights, and  
marre manie Gentlemen.

*Lis.* Ladies are good worke-women too, then?

*Boy.* Farre better then anie Taylor: they'll make you an ende  
of a suite, especially a Court suite, when all the Taylors in a Coun-  
trei know not how to set a stitch in't.

*Dem.* I am of the beliefe you are a Knaue, Sir.

*Boy.* I had no sayd, should I say you were not.

*Lis.* Well, what, a Knaue?

*Boy.* In a Knaues beliefe Sir.

*Dem.* Because in yours?

*Boy.* Do you say't, and He swere't, my Lord.

*Dem.* No more *Boy*, I am wearie of your iellies.

*Boy.* That confirms'em to be good Sir,

*Dem.* Your reason for that, Sir?

*Boy.* Be-



*The Ile of Gullies.*

Boy. Because travellers and loners, are some wearie of goodness,  
*Dem.* Goodhe ones in deed: but leauing this high-way of circumstance; I sent you for *Manasses*.

Boy. The learned Scribe attendes you.

*Enter Manasses.*

*Dem.* Will you fall off, Sir?

Boy. Like an Apple at Michaelmas, without shaking. *Exit.*

*Lisa.* Welcome *Manasses*: I haue present employment for thee, in which I must borrow

*Man.* Pardon mee Madame, I learned of my Lord, to lende nothing without securitie and pawnes.

*Lisa.* T'is not monie (*Manasses*) but counsell and furtherance that we desire.

*Man.* Good counsell is worth good monie, Madame.

*Lisa.* Thou shalt be well considered; there's twentie Crownes in earnest.

*Man.* Nay Madame, this hand's like a fellow, it takes euerie thing in iest; if you be in earnest, let me feele it heere; So Ladie, now betwixt earnest and iest, if your Will be readie drawne, before your friend deliuer'd as your deed, and put me in trust to execute it.

*Lisa.* Tak't, in a word this honest Shepheard, and thy Lordes daughter Madame *Mopsa*, are man and wife.

*Man.* Man, an woman perhaps; but not man and wife: for though most women haue a wil to be Ladies, like my Lords wife; yet euerie Ladie haue not wirre to be a wife, as my Lordes Daughter. But what good can I doe in this?

*Lisa.* O verie much: for though they be man and wife by oath and profection, the chiefeft ceremonie of all; namely Mariadg<sup>e</sup> is yet vnperformed, and hearing that you haue rancorders,

*Man.* That I haue: I haue rancorder for the making away of a hundred Maidenheads in my time, and not so few: but I am in the minde of you now, these two Beagles, *Dorm* and *Mopsa*, haue run themselves breathlesse in the chafe of loue, you would haue couple'm vp in the leases of Matrimonie.

*Lisa.* You are in the right.

*Manass.* And you in the wrong, He keepe your iurst, but in any case take backe againe your earnest: he not purchase my Lords displeasure with your gold.



*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Lisan.* Thy Lord shall neuer know't.

*Man.* Oh sir! though my M. hath but bad eyes, he hath exceeding long cares: and though a Forrayer may play with a Citizens wooden Dagger, I would not wish any to iest with a Couriers steeld Sword; tis seldome drawne but it drawes blood.

*Lis.* Tush man, be not so timorous, my credit shall countenance thee: be not an Ass, make vse of thy time: thy Masters seruice is no heritage; the world knowes he gettes vnder the Duke, thou art a foole, and thou wilt loose vnder him: there's a hundred Crownes for thee; tush man, thy betters will straine curtsey with alcagence for a bribe.

*Mama.* Madam, could you to euery one of these Crownes giue me a Kingdom,

*Lisan.* What then?

*Man.* I should ha more ground then halfe the Kinges in Christendom: here's my hand, Ile do't: my M. is my M. & I loue him; but my gold's my God, and I honor it: Ile do't; the time & place?

*Lisa.* Soone in the euening at *Adonis* Chapell. Art resolue?

*Ma.* As your Adamant: thinke you't was seare made me keepe out? no't was hope of these flattering sweete lip drabs, I feare to marrie my Ladies daughter? no nor to go to bed with her neither. Why, I haue counterfai't his hand & scale. He has been content with mee, to come nearer to him, at his entertainment of the last Embassadour, when he was heat with drinking of heales. As I led him to his Chamber, I nimde his Chayne, and drew his Purse, and next morning perswaded him he lost it in the great Chamber at the Reuels, He puts mee in trust with his whole estate: he buyes Maers, I purchase Farmes; he buildes houses, I plucke dowae Churches; he gets of the Duke, and I of the Commons: he beggers the Court, and I begger the whole Countrey.

*Lis.* These are notable knaui's courses. What breeding hast had?

*Man.* Verie good breeding Sir: My great Grandfather was a Rat-catcher, my Grandfiter a Hangman, my Father a Promoter, and my selfe an Informer.

*Lisa.* Thou wert a Knaue by inheritaunce.

*Man.* And by education too: but Bawdie Informations growing stale, I gaue vp my cloake to a Broker, and crept into credits for a Gowne, and of *Manasses* a penurious Informer, I turned



*The Ile of Gullies.*

Coppie, & became *Manasses*, a most, precise, & illiterate expositor.  
*Demet.* Were you a Reader then?

*Man.* And a Writer too Bullie: I see some of my Parishioners Wines such Coppies, as their Husbands might cast their cappes at it, but could neuer come neare.

*Lis.* But and you vnde such a high and eleuate stile, your auditories low and humble vnderstandings should neuer crall ouer't.

*Man.* Tush I could fashion the bodie, of my discourse fit to the eare of my auditorie: for to cast Eloquence amongst a companie of Sincards, is all one as if a man should scatter Pearle amongst the hoggish animals eclipsed Swine: no I had paraphrasticall admonitions of all sortes; some against couctious Landlordes, and that would I quire awongst begerlie Tennants: Some against Wlurers, and that would I throw in at Prison Grates amongst prodigall Banqroutes: Some against the pride of the Court, and that homies the eare of the Citizen: Some against the fraude of the Citie, and that's Cake and Cheshire to the Countrie: Some against Protestants, and that's plumpes the lasse Catholicke against Papist and Protestant, and that fattens the rancke witted Puritand, against Papist, Papist, Puritand, and Protestant; and that tickles the eare of the luxurious Atheist.

*Lisa.* Why you neuer light vpon anie Atheistes, doe you?

*Man.* Oh verie manie.

*Lisan.* In the Countrie perhaps, and the out-skirtes of the citie?

*Man.* In the verie boosome of the Citie: and by your leaue, heere and there one in the Court too: But wee see them all; for indeed wee wandering Lightes, haue (as other tradesmen haue) Commodities of all sortes, and prises.

*Lis.* How doe they come by them?

*Man.* As manie doe by Offices, steale into them ere the Duke be aware of'em.

*Lisa.* Some buy'em at Booke-sellers stalles; but the best they bespeake of Poets.

*Lisa.* Mee thinkes Poets of all men, should not edifie, they are so enuious.

*Man.* One to another, to no bodie else: a proud Poet is for all the world like a Puncke in request, couctous of manie Cliautes, when she hath more then, she can handsomely play off: You



*The Ile of Gullies.*

Shall haue some Poet (*Apollous* Vicar, especially) write you a comical, Pastorall, Tragicall, Muslicall historie in prose, will make the auditors eyes runne a water like so many waterspouts: I had one of them my selfe, and your cares be in case, Ile giue you a raffe on't; his argument was set out of the Poem called, The lost sheepe: and thus it is.

*Lis.* Pre'thee be briefer?

*Man.* Nay peace, and it were in place where you might wake, the best men in the parish, for commonlie they sleepe the beginning, because they loue not deuision: but to the lost Sheepe. Beloud, you must imagine this Sheepe was a Sheepe, a lost Sheepe; a Sheepe out a the way: but my deare flocke and louing Sheepe, whom like a carefull Shepheard, I haue gathered together with the whistle or pipe, as it were of mine eloquence, into this fold of peacefull Communitie; Doe not you stray, doe not you flie out, doe not you wander, doe not you loose your selues; but like kinde Sheepe, and valiant Rams; I speake to you the better part and head of my flocke. As I say, you shall see the valiant Rammes turne all their hornes together, and appose themselves against the Woolfe, the hungrie Woolfe, the greedie Woolfe, the Lams-devouring Woolfe, the Woolfe of all Woolfes, to defende their Eawes and young ones. Durst you lay all your heades together, and with the hornes of your Manhood defende your families, your owne wiues, and your neighbours children: Was not this singing geere?

*Lis.* A good Sheepish admonition.

*Man.* The fitter for my Audience: while you liue, haue a care to furre your Audience.

*Lis.* Thou speak'st like a Christian: prethee what Religion art of?

*Man.* How manie souer I make vse of, Ile answer with *Pisano Orlesso* the Italian: I professe the Dukes onely.

*Demet.* What's his reason for that?

*Man.* A very sound reason: for sayes hee, I came Raw into the world, and I would not willinglie go rosted out: so close vp the stomacke of your Discourse with that dry answer, and euey man about his busynesse.

*Lis.* You're be mindfull of to morrow night.

*Man.* As



*The Me of Gullies.*

*Man* As your Lawyer of the Tearme, or your Landlord of the Quarter day.

*Dem.* Why so: the mettle I must forge my plot on, lies a warming in the furnace of my braine; and I must fashion it Instantly, for feare it burst the heart. Give my conceit way, for heere comes one must helpe to proportion it.

*Exit Lisian.*

*Enter Dametas.*

*Damet.* How now *Demetrius*, what winde hath blowne vp this storme of melancholic, thy countenance was not wont to be thus cloudie? Whence proceeds this sodaine alteration?

*Dem.* From mine owne hard fortune my Lord, that my ill-star'd nativitie should continue thus opposite.

*Dam.* Art cross in a sure at Court? or what's the matter? speake.

*Dem.* He acquaint your Honor: I hepe no other care overheares vs. Vnder *Dianas* Oke I founde an inscription vpon a stone, which told me, that wealth *Aristomones* sometimes brought into *Archades*, had there vnder hid a masie summe of treasure.

*Dam.* Vnder *Dianas* Oke? *Dorus* shall haue my daughter *Mopsa*: no more words on't, and thou louest me *Dorus*: smother thy golden hops a day or two; thou shalt haue *Mopsa*, but he haue all the Gold, then marie my daughter to some great man, though he be poore, tis the fashion: He be Noble allied whar ere it cost me: shalt be my Sonne in law *Dorus*: haue an eye to the Prince, fall close to my daughter *Mopsa*,

Court her and spare not: now begins the sport,  
Kisse her, doe kisse her; thou shalt pay sweetly for't:

I can gull you, know what faire words can doe,  
I'me an old Knaue, and a young Courtier too.

*Exit.*

*Dem.* So, so; how violently he deuours his bane, and steales himselfe into the order of Gullerie: mee thinkes I see how betwixt hope and feare he sweates in his practise, and like a foolish dreamer, castes how to lay out his wealth before it comes in, So much for him: Now to my Ladie Beaurie his wife; and as the Diuell would ha'ie, heere she comes.



*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Enter Niso.*

*Niso.* Dorus, how now Dorus? What time a day is't with you?

*Dor.* What time a day so?ert be with mee, tis sleeping time with my Lord, I'am sure of that.

*Mis.* Sleeping time Dorus, what dost thou meane by that?

*Dor.* Nay nothing: he is troubl'd with a kind of maladic cold  
*Insurrectio carnis.*

*Niso.* How, a dish of Creuices? nay and that be the worst, good enough: I am glada falles to Fish, for he was giuen to Flesh a late too too bad.

*Dor.* Masse I thought as much, for I saw him go a angling.

*Niso.* I hold my Ladieship to some Strumpet,

*Dor.* Life, a ieloffe; I thinke you are a Witch, I'was so indeed.

*Niso.* Nay I thought as much: he was wont to kisse mee, and doe all kindnes a man could doe, till he came to the Court; and now hee will not lie with mee forsooth: and why? tis the Court fashion. He will not loue mee, and why? tis the Court fashion. I must not come neere him at his downe lying, nor his vprising, &c. And this be the Court fashion, would I were an honest woman of the Countrie againe, be Courtiers who list. I, I, Dorus, I tell thee in reares, hee hath not done by mee, as a Husband should doe.

*Dor.* Tis nothing to mee, I cannot do withall Madam, would I could.

*Mis.* Yes marie mayst thou Dorus; thou mayst, and shalt doe withal too and thou wilt: but as thou lookest to enioy my daughter *Moya*, acquaint mee with the olde Foxes starting hole.

*Dor.* That's past my cunning: the olde Foxe has more holes then one, to hide's head in; But not to goe long about the bush with you.

*Mis.* No good Dorus, I do not loue a man should go long about my bush: What is she for a woman?

*Dor.* I know not what she is for a woman; marie I feare she's litle better then a Whore for your Husband; hark in your care; shee's *Manasses* wife.

*Niso.* *Manasses* wife? marie fere Maister gunner; a Puritane turn'd Puncke: Gods my precious. Hee slit her nose, as I am a Ladie will I: is shee the partie you wor on?

*Dor.* Yes



*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Dor.* Yes sayth Madam, shee is the Mare the man rid on.

*Mis.* Ile spoile their sport, saddle my Mule there, haue aneie to the princes, shalt ha my daughter and be but to spit him withall, faith Fox ile ha ya you out of your hole, or ile fire you out,

*Dor.* Nay that will doe no good, but for your owne good Madam, take heed you doe not scold.

*Mis.* Why may not a Lady scold *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Scold, O in no case, will marre a Ladies beautie cleane, and make her looke as hard fauoured as any ordinarie woman.

*Mis.* Godmercie for that *Dorus*, Ile not looke my beautie for twentie on'em, saddle my Mule, bring me my chopping knife, Ile geld the lecherous Goat, and mince his Trull, as small as herbs to the pot. This is not scolding *Dorus*, is't,

*Dor.* No this is tollerable.

*Mis.* Nay then I care not, saddle my Mule I say, let her pray God her feeling be good, for as I am, a Ladie, Ile not leaue her aneie to see withall, and yet I will not scold neither.

*Dor.* Oh take heed of that at any hand, So, so, so now it begins to quicken me thinkes, I see alreadie how she runs ari at the Wenches eies: cals the maid Baud, the woman Whore, and her husband Lecher: and when all comes to all, like an Irish Wolfe, she bakes at her owne shadow, but committing her and her Asses to their wildgoose chace: now to my sweet hart *Mopsa*, for she's all the blockes last in my eie to stumble on: and Godbless my wis, for the toole haunts me.

*Enter Mopsa.*

*Mops.* *Dorus*, where's my Father *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Your Father, Oh my deare *Mopsa*?

*Mop.* Nay now you flout me?

*Dor.* Flout you? oh the faire heauens, but this it's for a man to cast away himselfe in violence of passion and extremitie of sighs on a piece of beautie, that cares not for him, but it is the trickes on you all.

*Mop.* Frickes, no a godmendme, and I should not haue a husband till I got him with tricks, I should lead apes in hell, but faith tell me, doste loue loue me *Dorus*.

*Dor.* Doe I loue you quoth ye, It cuts my very heart string, doe I loue you? why tis the enely marke my Indeuors shoot at.



*The Ile of Gullies.*

*Mop.* If thou dost not hit the marke, then thou'rt a very bungler: but where is my Father?

*Dor.* Why I haue sent him and your mother out of the way of purpose, and appointed *Masses* to meet vs this euening at *Adams* Chappell in the *Amasons* apparell, to marrie vs: I thinke this are signes I loue you,

*Mop.* I but you ieast, I doubt you will not marrie me.

*Dor.* Will you meete me there?

*Mop.* As I am a Virgin I will.

*Dor.* And come with an intent to marrie me?

*Mop.* As I hope to be a wife I will.

*Dor.* You must take heed you keepe our purpose close,

*Mop.* As I did the losse of my Maidenhead.

*Dor.* Why haue you lost it then?

*Mop.* Many a deere day agoe, yet I told Nobody on't but my Mother and our Horsekeeper, and they say I am nere the worse mayd for that, and I can keepe my owne counsell, as I hope I shal; but will you meet me soone?

*Dor.* Iust in the mid-way, as *Titers* doe.

*Mop.* Ile goe afore and stay, but doe not deceiue me, and you doe, Ile shew my Fathers Horsekeeper all as God mend me.

*Dor.* So *trix sequitur tria*, now am I rid of a triumvirie of fooles, and by thereablenesse haue won a free access to an escape.

If my *Lisanders* hope proue like to this,

This night shall Crowne vs Monarchers of our blisse,

*Exit.*

*Enter Duke and Lisander.*

*Duke.* No more of these delays sweet *Madam*, your loue hath broken day oft with my expectance, I dare giue it trust no longer.

*Lisa.* I confesse it my Liege, and like a spent Deare, not able to maintaine longer flight, I cast my selfe downe breathlesse at your loues mercie: yet I beseech your Maiestie, let not your eager desires, praetise any present violence vpon my yeelding chastitie: twas onely possession of my loue you had in chace, which with conuenient time & place purchased, I put your grace in full possession of.

*Duke.* Although thy Breath be neuer but Muscicall, yet it neuer taught the string of true happines till now: and to approue thy

heart



*The Ile of Gullies.*

heart sets hand to thy word, appoint the time,

*Lisa.* Then this present evening (and yet my Virgin blood, and alhamd to consent to the betraying of my modestie) meete me at *Adonis* bower, where ile make tender of subdued chastitie to your high Maiestie, as my first & most victorious conquerour,

*Duke.* By my Imperiall Globe, and hope of those Loyes, thy presence shall bring to enrich me with, ile meete thee, and make thee *Queene* ouer the most submisse Captiue that euer loue tooke prisoner.

*Lisa.* If you deceiue me.

*Duke.* Nor except warme life,

Deceiue my voice of their inuaine heart.

Then hast slow time, exchange thy leaden flecte,

For *Hermes* wings till I my faire hopes meete.

But lockt once in the armes of my delight,

Cloth all the world in an eternal night.

And speed of morning when the Sunne should rise,

They shall see two in my *Zelmans* cies.

*Exit.*

*Lisa.* So farewell thought I, I haue prepar'd you a *Zelmans* answerable to your expectation.

Then triumph in thy will, and let thy thoughts,

Proclaime a Iubilee my seeming hopes

Are now deliuered of a gracious birth,

Which I haue Christened, opportunitie.

Vnto whose shrine in honour of this day,

My thoughts shall hold a monthly sacrifice.

Loue graunt *Demetrium*, meete the like successe,

Our paines are crown'd with double happinesse.

*Enter Iulio and Amintor*

*Iulio.* Onely our disguises hold firme, but all other attempts meete vntimely deatches, euen in their cradles.

*Amint.* What and wee should acquaint the Ladies with our intents,

*Iulio.* I would argue a kind of cowardise in our wits, that ha such suspectles aduaitance to there presence, as this disguise hath purchased vs, we should not haue that abilitie of inuention to en



*The Use of Gullies* 587

rangle' em in their owne securitie.

*Amint.* Well how focuer, we must not dwell long; determining for the libertie of stay with *Dametras*, who out of his courous disposition in detaining our reward, allowed vs the eldest day of our licent abode at Court is run out.

*Fuli.* It is very true, and for my part, Ie rather go home with a priuate repulſe, then managing any vnlkely attempt become sufferer vnder a publike disgrace.

*Ami.* Thats my very thought, yet that our second arriuall bee not altogether empty of imploiment, lets practise something vpon *Demetras*, and acquaint the world with his coward baseness; in which, he not only detracts from his masters bountie, but looke how as Conduit head or master-spring that is poisoned, doth his best, to infect the whole bodie of the court, with the leproſie of his couetousnesse.

*Fuli.* Theres no action of his begetting can be said to be cruelly honourable.

*Ami.* How can they when there Father's a mungrell, the Duke out of his honourable bountie commaunderd him to reward our trauailes with 200. Crownes; and now after two moneths attendance, and enforst delayes; In which time an ordinarie petitioner might haue spent the valew of the reward, he packes vs off with 50. Crownes, his excuse being that his master hath forgot vs, and what he doth, is of his owne bountie, as if the Moone should brag she game the world light, whn all the luster she hath, comes from the heart of the Sunne.

*Fuli.* Should his villanies be suffered to prosper, they would grow to such height, as the Dukes authoritie should ha much trouble to prune them.

*Ami.* To preuent which his maiestie shall haue priuate note of it, knew we in whose trust to conduct it,

*Fuli.* It is an Office verie few dare vndertake, he is so ribeted to the Dukes good opinion.

*Ami.* Lyes there no iarre twixt none of the Nobilitie and him what say ouy *Zelmanes*?

*Fuli.* The gallant *Amason*, you could not ha cast your choyce fitter, for her honorable minde mayntanes deadly feud against his base proceedings; and here she comes, attended by *Dametras* servant. Lets waite on opportunity

*Enter*



# The Ile of Gulls.

Enter *Lisander* and *Demetrius*.

*De. Lisander*.

*Lis. Demetrius*.

*Iulio. Lisander* and *Demetrius*, stand close, of my life we are come to the birth of some notable knavery.

*Ans. How* blowes the winds of our hopes?

*Lisand.* Fy, to the point of our expectation, I have made away the Duke and the Dutch.

*Dem.* How made away them? poysond them.

*Lis.* with a confection of loue, which I haue so tempred with fair promises, as theyr minds are in loues heauen already: *Tidisset* in *Adonis* bower, wher this evening I haue giuen em my word to meet em; but I haue so cast it, that *Manasser* shall meete em in my fleece. *Dem.* T will be a rare seean of myrth, to hear what costly discourses he will bestow vpon the fool in thy outside.

*Iulio.* De you heare that.

*Lipp.* yes, thanke loue and my eares, but list the conclusion.

*Lisa.* I haue cleard the way to *Viola*, but what order hast thou cane, with thy burbolts: *Daneta*, *Myse*, and amorous *Mopse*.

*Danet.* shor em away, at three severall markes, yet so conuey it thac in the end they shall all meete at *Adonis* chappell.

*Lisan.* This proiect cannot but bring forth some notable deceipt.

*Iulio.* My hopes should want of theyr will, and it do not.

*Lisand.* Now we haue made a smooth passage to our escape, how shall conuey our louer out of the Iland.

*Dem.* I haue determind of that sir, and better to effect, my boy this time hast cast such a bait of knavery to the two Capitaines, *Kalander* and *Philanax*, as we may passe without suspicion.

*Lisan.* But how for transportation.

*De.* I am furnishe of that to, you remember the two Lacedemon intelligencers

*Lip.* Now what of vs.

*Iulio.* Hold my life, we shall be put in this seean of gullery.

*Lisan.* Oh in any case.

*Dem.* For the loue of Cupid do, iniquis past, lets take our entrance, and passe ouer the stage like mures, to furnish out a shewe.

*Lisan.* And see occasion like a kind wench presents em in the very instant my honest friende welcome, haue you not your dispatch?



## The Isle of Gulls.

with a letter to Lacedemon.

*Amt.* Madam we haue, and stay onely to take our leaues of your Ladiship, and know what seruice your honor will command.

*Lisa.* you haue my thanks; for the truth is, I must commit businesse of much import vnto your trust, and to preuent much circumstance take my word, you are not ignorant of the kings general challenge.

*Iulio.* About his daughters.

*Lis.* you vnderstand me, with these few crowns receiue my mind which is to conuey the 2, ladies whome we in these disguises haue wonne to Lacedemon,

*Amt.* were we but confirmd of your offers.

*Lis.* wele giue your sufficient assurance of that and the princess themselves shall confirme it.

*Iulio,* we craue no better madam, but shall we not haue your honors company.

*Lisa.* No; having brought them aboard, wele make returne to the Duke, to let him vnderstand we stole not our prizes but won them manfully at the point of wit.

*Amt.* A noble resolution.

*Iulio.* His foile wil appeare the more palpable, and your conquest the more appraisable, where shall we receive the Ladies.

*Dem.* Be that our care, but on your lines be heedsul of your safe

*Amt.* More then of our own my lord,

(ties.

*Dem.* Inough whilst you attend wele to the Duke, and play all guls or none.

*Iulio.* All Guls indeed since you had follies whip,

No guls, to all guls, fooles loue fellowship.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter miso and Mop.*

*miso.* Looke well to mine Ass theer, lord how I sweare with anger; this fames the house fire, and now like a wise Lady let me count my hurts, and see how I shalbe reuengd: it shalbe so, ile haue em both eared, and manasses shal go afore like a whiffer and make way with his horns, where be these whores: open the dore, wher be these panders: O that I were not a lady: I could scold like a butter-whore, *Em, wife.* whose there a gods name, lord for his mercy is the woman mad. *miso:* yes I thanke ye fort: horn mad, wheres your companion wheres the old leacherous goat my husband, open the doore I say, *wife.* Iesus for thy mercie sake madam, what do I want.



# The Ile of Fools

*Wife*. what do I want, the chiefe implemēt a woman should haue I want that as a woman cannot be without, I mean my husband, I want *wife*, your husband, I saue him not as I am an honest woman, *mi*. not as you are an honest, so I think, but as you are an arrant whore you did, you must haue your Crueltyes with a pox cannot Citty Mauncher and flesh eod-serue you rume, but you must haue Court cake-bread and Crueltyes with a vengeance, but come giue me my husband, or he haue him out of the flesh on thee, and yet I will not scold neither.

*wife* Pray Madam ha patience: what should your husband do here *mi*. That which he should do at home with his wife, and he were worth his carts *wife*, Lady I protest I do not know him. *mi*. Not know him, thou liest in euery vaine ith hart thou lyest, thou knowest him, and as Adam knew Eue thou knowest him, hee hath bene as inward with thee, as euer he was with me, he hath by his owne confession he hath, & thou deniest it, thou liest in thy throat like a Puritanicall whore as thou art, O that I were a buttes-whore for an houre I might scold a little.

*wife* Madam they are no honest men that bring these tales to you *mi*. Men bring tales to me, I desire thee in thy guts, I desire thee, men bring tales to me, thou takest me to be one of thine own church dost see they are no honest men that bring tales to thee and ha wiues of their owne, and thy husband do one of them, go thy waies now.

*wife* I beseech you madam do but heare me.

*mi*. Hear thee, I haue heard too much of thee, too too much too much, wheres my husband, bring forth my husband, he teach him to put a difference betwixt Ioad and any ladie I hold him to pound out, and yet I will not scold neither, and I had bin an old hag past rearing as his whore is a puritan, it had bid som what, but being a woman of Gods making, and a ladie of his owne, and wearing mine owne haire which is much in a ladie of my standing I can tel you, so vile me thou, flesh and blood canot indure, let me come in, open the doore let me come in, O what I were anie vile thing in the world, but a ladie that I might scold a little.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Alexander and Philanax Demet, boy.*

*Boy*. So, so, so, take your places, for the same bald pated oke is the stage, where ye shall see the part of a doeing foole performed by an old man and a young wench by Alexander and Philanax.



## The Ile of Gwyl.

Do worshipfull *Demetrius*,  
The same man,  
Hath he no fellow aders in his most lamentable, commical, histori-  
call, tragicall, muscical, pastoral.

Boy None that require any mouching but his *Ass* and himselfe,  
marry then he has Signer Martocke, a very sharpe satyricall humo-  
rist, and Mounser Iespade, but he goes somewhat more bluntly to  
his businesse, yet heele serue for mutes, and as good as the best to  
furnish out the stage.

*Kal*, But dares *Dorus* being but *Demetrius* servant so abuse his mad  
maister thus grossely.

Boy O Lord Sir, their ha ben serving men haue done their Mai-  
sters farre greater abuse, yet had their wiues conceald it, their cares  
should neuer haue bin acquainted with it.

*Phi*. Is that a fashion in request.

Boy Altogether Ile assure you, but obedience Gentleman the feare  
beginnes.

*Enter Demetrius with Martocke and spade*

*Kal*. Pray God it be good he staies so long,  
Ridiculous enough, and good enough.

*Dame*. So, stand *Ass*, stand gentle *Ass*.

*Ka*. What countreimen is his *Ass* he speaks so familiarly to him.

Boy Aith Citty breede, marrie he picks vp his lying arth burs and  
nettles that grow about the Courte gate.

*Dam*. be in readines good martocke, play thy part sweet spade,  
let me see *Dianas* oke? I held *Dianas* oke deuine, true pure gold  
honest, *Dorus*, fortunate *Dametras*.

*Ka*. An excellent comedyan, what life he puts into his part.

*Da*. So, by thy leaue ston, by thy patience honest ston, the very  
grauell fauours of treasure, this lames the bed chamber of my Lady  
*Pecunia*, and kee, see some of her golden haies, more, more, more  
yet diuine tree, pure gold, honest *Dorus*, fortunate *Demetrius*, soft  
ly, softly, not so fast, let me not deuoure my countreio greedily  
least like a cormorant I take a surfeit ont.

*Phi*. Oh take heed of that maister in anie case.

*da*. Pure mettle, excellent gold: but let me see now, I shall by  
computation haue some three millions of them, I some three or  
foure millions, how shall I employ em to make the most profite of  
em,



# The Ile of Gulls.

em.

*da.* That would be knowne indeed.

*da.* Ile put out one million to vs, after the rate afeuen score to the hundreth : and yet I wnot, no fe, for then you wil ha my humor brought ath stage for a vsurer; to preuent with scandalous report, ile put it into my Scribe-maiers hand, and he shall deale for mee,

*Kal:* Theres is a simple cloake to couer his villany,

*Phil:* Tis a very short one; : and passing sliue to hide his knauerie, *boy.* it cannot chofe but be seene through,

*dam:* An other Million ile lay to bestow in Offices, I wil haue welth or ile rake it out ath kennels else, chimnies ha smoake for alreadye, and now ile deale vpon sea-cole and salt, now, now, now, if comes, sweet gold, honest Dorus, fortunate Demetrius, deuine gold, how, how, shall I adore thee, O let me do the homage of my knees : now now, for the tongue of a Poet, tho I hate poetrie worse then any of the seauen deadly finnes, I could wish my selfe a Poet for some houre, to write a Poem in the praise of my diuine mistres; and see the verie bed wherein her diuinitie is lodged : happy, happy, thrice *boy.* happie Dametas, now like an oreioid loue, let mee open the sheets of my heauenlie mistris, with reuerence, so with humble reuerence, and like a blushing louer that puts out the light ere he presumes to touch the bed of his loue so let me darken the candles of my bodie, mine eies, and first blesse my hands with touching, next inrich mine ears with hearing, and lastlie make happie my eies with seeing, and let them convey the ioy down into the bosome of my thoughts, by degrees, softly by degrees.

*Phi:* Did you euer see Affe make such a ceremonious preparation *dam:* be not offended sweet mistris that I presume to touch,

*phil:* a fooles head of your owne,

*Kal:* Has a bin at any cost of al this inuocate for a coxcomb and a

*phil:* beshrow my iudgement but he deserues it,

*boy:* And his desert were nere so much, he could but beare away the bel, and so you saie he doth :

*da:* A coxcombe and a bel, oh indignity : damnable okc, vile and euil accurst Dorus, vnfortunate Dametas, Diana I tel thee thou art no honest goddess to vse a Gentleman thus. Whats here a writings your helpe good spectacles, lend me your helpe good spectacles, some comfortable newes good spectacles:



## The Ile of Gulls.

Whobath his hire hath well his labours plast,  
Earth thou dost seeke, and store of earth thou hast.  
Methat vaine hopes pursues for loue of pelt,  
Shall loose his wits and likely finde himselfe,  
Then thinke thy paines rewarded well,  
Thou broughtst the foole, beare backe the bell:  
Of ether matters what ensues  
Adonis bower shall tell the newes,

Villanous poetry, I am made a flar foole by poetry,  
But though I can do em no further disgrace, my fall curse,  
e Wronged gentlemen fall curse dwell euer vpon them, Diana  
Hecere me, and let my words finde grations acceptance.  
Kad. Hide your heads, the terrible curse comes like a flon vpon you  
Da. Rancor, spie, mallice, hate, and all disasters,  
Strengthen my faith against all portafors.

May their intenes tho pure as christall glasse,  
Be couinced fals and apirall trespasses,  
O may their liues and labourd industrie,  
Though worthy of Apoloes plaudit be  
The cleerest thought in loyalty excelleng  
Be by some Dor presented for libelling,  
when they haue writ a leine in which their braines,  
Hauedropt there decreit sweet sand their swola vaines,  
Empried their Cindis of their purest spirit,  
As they stand gaping to recclue their merit,

In fted of plaudities their chiefest blisses  
Let their desarts be crownd with newes and hisses  
Behinde each post and at the gallery corners,  
sit empty guls, slight fooles and false informers,  
Let some flye Foxe out of discretions embers,  
Term them the lands vnecessary members,  
And like the decie when they haue spent all in breath,  
to make kings sport let them betorned dash  
Even by their friends, twalder my thoughts a twenging  
Might I but see one of them go to hanging

1 Cap. A passing strange curse and no question he has trauid far for  
some of the times, 2 Cap. He must trauid further that finds any rea-  
son int, 1 Cap. No matter for reason theirs time enough and that be  
2 odd. 2 Cap. Some of it is no better then it should be, or my iudge-  
ment deceives me 1 Cap. Sure he had some reason to make this time



## The Ile of Gulls

and a man could pick it out, *Cap*, rather then ile be counted inquisitive, mine cares shal content themselves with the times onely, and leaue the reason to the scanning of poets whom it more neerly concerns, I *Cap*, But wheres the wag that invited vs to this banquet of mirth shrunk in the wetting?

*2 cap*: Iware a rare iest now if whilst the boy kept vs here in expectation of Dametas gullery his M: had made an escape with the dukes daughters, I *cap*: that or some knauery else vpon my life, I had the boy in throwd suspicion at the first.

*2 cap*. And this his suddaine and stolne departure, confirms it current *2 cap*: then we are sped, for in suspitions face, I see some furtle stragglers in chale.

*Enter miso and Manasses wife?*

*Wife*: Will your lordship beleue me now: nay and I sai your wor-ship may swert, tho I haue but a (poore as to say) hole of mine own, I hope the spirits haue more denomination ouer me, then to make it a common slaughter house of carnality where euey iacke may command flesh for his money, *miso*: No more words sweet woman I confesse I was in the wronge, there is not the hole the Foxe hides his head in: and therefore for the loue of womanhood conceale mine errors, for howeouer I complaind tis thy forhed aks, thy temples ha the terrible blow as the say, thy husband is a bad man. *Wife*, my husband: *miso*: I, I, good woman thy husband: he is as I say a fleshly member and I fear he hath overcome the foolish thing my daughter. *Wife* your daughter ile lit her nose by this light and she werten ladies, twas not for nothing my husband said he should meete her this enening at Adonis chappel, but and I come to the godspeed on, ile tel em ont soundly? *miso*: I do good woman tel em ont, & spare not but in any case do not scold. *Wife*: Why may not a gentlewoman scold in a good case: *miso*: I know not what a gentlewoman do in a good case, but a lady must not in any case;

*Wife*: tho I may not scold I may tel em roundly ont I hope,

*miso*: that may youd laue,

*Wife*: and ile not be mealely mounthd I warrant em, wil you beare me company to the chappell madam?

*miso*. Withall my hart mistris, what Dorus hath giuen me, ile giue my friend, no soole to company. *Exeunt.*

*Actus quintus, scena prima.*

*Enter*



## The Me of Gulls.

*Enter the duke as adonis bowes*

Farewell bright sunne thou lightner of all eyes  
thou shalt to giue a brighter beame to rise.

Each eree and shrub were treamels of thy haire,

But these are wiers for none but kings to weare,

And my rude tonge striving to blaze her forth,

Like a bad artseman doth disgrace her worth,

but heeres the place, vpon this christall streame:

Where *Cubera* did vnyoke her reame

Of siluer dones, to interchange a kisse

With young *Adonis* shall I meete my blisse:

The gentle minis crownd with christall flowers,

Loosing there youtnes, are growne vp perfect howers,

To hasten my delight, the basfull moone

that since her dalliance with *Endimior*,

Durst neuer walke by day is vnder saile,

In steede of sheeres has spred her siluer vaile,

Each gliding brooke and euery bushy eree

Being ripe with siluer were her livery,

And the dim night to grace our amorous wars,

Hath stuck nine spheres full of immortal flars,

In steed of pearles the way on which she treads

Is stawd with Christall dew and siluer beades.

*Enter Dutcher.*

She comes, her secte makes musicke with the ground,

And the chaste ayre is rauisht with the sound,

My soule flies forth to meete her: hell my wife,

Her presence like a murtherer drives the life

Out of my pleasures breast, her ielous eie

Enuyes the heauen of my felicity.

*Dut.* *Zelmanc*, or my husband life or hare.

*K.* What makes old *Autum* out a bed so late,

that snow should goe a wooing to the sunne

When one warme kisse works her confusion.

*Dut.* I haue the iest, suspicion that keeps

Court in my husbands thoughts, seeing my loue,

Elect this walke, hath brought him after him,

*K.* She dogs her sure, and she to shake her off

Hath raine some other walke Ile place mine care

in distance of her will.



## The Ile of Guls.

Dur. Could I but heare the *innocent* deliuey of his breath,  
twould be a second iubile of mirth.

Da. Heere comes my loue.

*Enter Manasses like Lisander.*

Dur. your loue? Alasse poore Duke,  
Your forward hopes will meete a barren spring,  
My sunne appears.

Da. Fic your loue speaks to loude,  
Your sunnes eclipsit, your date vpon a cloude.

Dur. See how his armes like precious phenix wings,  
Spredd to imbrace me.

Da. Now the Cucko sings,  
Those amorous armes do make a golden space  
To hug a Duke.

Dur. But ile fill vp the place.

Da. Those fingers tip with curious porphery,  
Staining Pigmaliions matchlesse imagery,  
Like amorous twins all of one mother nurse,  
Contend in curtesie who should ouch me first.

Dur. Should ouch me first: their strife is vnderooke,  
To twine a young bay not a farre stooping oake.

Da. Young bay, stale iest, that a dry saplesse rinde  
should hoid young thoughts, and a licentious minde,  
Were he but gone now,

Dur: Were the Duke away,  
My hopes had got the better of the day.

Man: This is Adonis chappell, I wonder they come not, tho I  
beare a litle learning about me, and a few good clothes, I wold not  
wisham to make Balams asse a me: for though many fooles take no  
felicity but in wearing good clothes (tho they be none of their own)  
I haue a further reach in me.

Da: I could ban my flars.

Dur: I curse my fate.

Da: That crosse me thus.

Dur: Make me vfortunate.

Da: Alas good lady, how her prety feet labour to finde me.

Dur: that my hopes should meete such blacke euents.

Da: O would the frindly night darken her selfe.

H



## The Ile of Guls.

*Dut.* Would she Meone lose her light,  
That in the bosome of some foggy cloud  
I might embrace my loue.

*Duke* But night is purblind  
To make a Duke a slaue.

*Dut.* To make a Dutches  
wraſtle with amorous paſſions.

*Duk,* life a spleene  
Could my rough breath like a tempestuous wind,  
Blow out heaueus candles, leaue the world ſtarke blind,  
That it might either haue no eies to ſee :  
Or ſee thoſe eies it hath to pleaſure me.

*Dut.* Or ſee thoſe eies it hath to pleaſure me. *man.* Who would  
ha thought the cold had bene ſo good a muſſion : howe it plaies  
vpon my chappes, and maketh my teeth ſkippe vp and downe my  
mouth like a company of virginall Iackes, but I find ſmall muſſicke  
in it, and Mopſa ſhould come now I could doe her little good, yet  
and ſhe were here, ſhe and I would haue about at cob-nut or at che-  
ri-pit or ſomewhat to keep our ſelues from idlenes, tho ſhe be but  
a foole, the bables good enough to make ſport with all in the darke  
and that very word hath ſtarted her.

*Enter Mop.*

*Mop,* whoſe there Maſſes.

*man,* yes Mopſa.

*mop.* Plain *Mop.* I might be madam *Mopſa* in your mouth, good-  
man &c. whers Dorus.

*man,* why becauſe he wil not be ſaide to make too much haſt to a  
bad bargain, he is not come yet,

*mop,* not come, a peſcod on him, but alſo one I thought at firſt he  
would make but a foole on me.

*man,* would you haue him mend Gods wormanſhip?

*mop,* But choſe him, ſince he hath buld me with an vrchin, ile goe  
fetch Raph our horſkeeper, let him that got the caſe keep the cow  
in a knaues name and he wil, ha you your booke heere.

*man,* no matter wench, I can dote wel inough without booke,

*mop.* Nay and ye can dote wel inough your ſelfe, I care for neither  
of them both, but indeed I loue to haue a thing wel done, for ſaies  
my mother, a thinge once wel done, is twice done, and I am in her  
mind for that vp and downe,



## The Ile of Guls.

*Dut*, Whose with my Lord the Duke, it cannot be,  
Mine eie would not conceale such trechery.

*Dut*, Tis not the Dutches sure, no it is amarus Ioue,  
that seeing Zelmane passionate for Ioue,  
Descends to comfort her, Ioue if there be  
A powerful Phebus God of poetry,  
In deare remembrance of faire Daphnes rape,  
to win my Ioue, lend me some stranger shape,  
Such as your selues haue worne, that when your same  
is sung by poets, they maie cote my name,

*Dut*, Sure tis my daughter,

*Duk*, Daughter: how her eie

Cuts out new formes, new shapes of ieaoulse:

*Dut*. As sure as death tis she, for see they stand  
like amarus twins, intwisted hand in hand,  
Breast against breast, and that no ioy be missing,  
To heare discourse, their lips keepe time with kissing,  
He not indur<sup>t</sup> impatience grow strong,  
And tho a prince, tel him he doth thee wrong.  
*duk*. Do prethe do, this sweetens al the rest,  
But here would be the elixar of the iest,  
if whilst we kept each other at a baie,  
A third should come, and beare the hare away.

*Enter dametas.*

(golde

*dam*, villanous poetrie, vnchristianlike poetrie, I am cozend of my  
by poetrie, robd of my charge by poetrie, made an apparent foole  
by poetrie, villanous Oke, accurst Dorus, vnfortunat Dametas: whose  
there my daughter and with Zelmane? a wel-willer to Dorus, a fa-  
uorite to poetrie, and therefore enemy to Dametas, come hither *mop*  
*so*, a thy fathers blessing come not neare her: what *Mopsa*.

*mop*. yes, whose there? Dorus.

(Hippolita,

*dam*. Confusion a Dorus, I am thy miserable father, didst not see  
*mop*. no by my troth not I? Did ye not see Dorus. (o Hippolita,  
*dam*. Poxe of dorus / am vndone madam and thou telst mee not  
*mo*, Pox a Hippolita, I am a dumbeweman and you can tel me  
newes of Dorus

*da*, I had rather see ten doruses hangd then lose Hippolita,  
*mo*, I had rather see ten fathers dama then lose my sweet dorus,  
*da*, I shal run mad and I find not Hippolita,



## The Ile of Guls.

*Mop*: I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus.

*Dut*: Whats heere, I shall run mad for *Hypolita*.

*duke*: And I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus, I hold my life we haue some comedy in hand, we shall haue a full sceane, for here comes more actors.

*Enter Mopso and Manasses wife.*

*wife* Affures I am a sinner to God madam, that sames he.

*misso* What with a brace of wenches, I faith olde brocke, haue I tane you in the maner, is this the fruits of your lying alone? is this your court custome with a wanion, lend mee thy knife, tho I had neither houle, nor land to giue em, ile bestow a whores marke betwixt you, and yet I will not scold neither.

*mep*: What a gudyere aile you mother, are you fram pall, know you no, your owne daughter.

*misso*. *Mopso*, O insufferable wrong, make thine own natural child thy bawd,

*duke* Heeres an excellent patterne for wiues to learne to scold by *misso*. What mistres Amalson, ha you such a cocking spirit, honest Women cannot keepe their husbands at home for you: tis not for nothing now I see, that the Dutches lookes yellow on you, but ile teare that painted whores face of yours (by this light) and yet I will not scold neither.

*mas* Madam,

*misso*: ile mad you with a vengeance.

*The duke and dutches step both forth and restrain her.*

*dut*, Touch not the prince.

*duke* On your allegance forbear, what means this outrage, cannot our private walks be priuiledged from your wilde contentious.

*dut*: how fares the prince.

*duke*: How cheares my good Zelmane?

*man*: Zelmane, no Gods may iudge my liege, I am Manasses, miserable Manasses, your husbands scribe-maor madam.

*dut*: Manasses.

*duke*: A foole.

*mis*. My man.

*wife* And my deere head, alas sweet loue, what makest thou heere. *m*, Mary worke for the hangman, and the Duke be not the more mischull.



## The Ile of Guls.

*duke* Theres some deceit in this, Dametas, wheres Hippolita?

*dams*: I, I, theres som knauery in this: Mopio wheres Hippolita?

*mis*: doubtles theres some villany in this, Mepio wheres Hippolita?

*mep*: Thers no plaine dealing in this, Manasses wheres Dorus?

*Gry*: Answered directly, wheres Hippolita?

*dams*: Alas madam I knowe not, whilst I almost melted my selfe with digging of gold in Dianes oke, I left her in my wifes charge  
*wife* And whilst I ran to Manasses, thinking to take my husband  
*et* his wife in the manner, I left Hippolita in my daughters chamber  
*man*: and whilst I came to Adonis chappel to be toft in my marriage blankets with Dorus, I left my little dog pearl plucking dazies:  
*duke* Who sent you to Dianes oke to dig gold?

*Gry*: who sent you to take your husband in Manasses house?  
*wife*: *dorus*.

*duke* who sent you to Adonis chappel.

*mep*: *dorus*:

*duke* And who turnd you into this shape:

*Man*: They that I feare haue made guls of vs all, *Zelmame*, and *dorus*:

*duke*: we are all simply, gulde, and see where the Sunne scarce halt ready, skippes from his Easterne bed, smiling at our gullery:

*Enter Lisander and demetrius.*

*dems*: Come wheres this lusty wit-maister.

*Lisa*: the keeper of this loue-lottery,

*dems*: This gallant *Incensus* of fourleore, that like my Lady of the Lake, displaies against al commers.

*Lisan*. May a couple of plaine witted princes haue a fight of our prizes:

*dems*: Where be these Ladiesha? ha your wits had such a skirmish ing that the two maides haue lost their heads in the conflict.

*duke*: Heads, I and bodye to my Lorde, and all at one shot, and which is worse our wits are so scattered with the terrible blow that to be plaine we are scarce our owne men againe.

*dems*: then you haue had some knocking,

*man*: so it appears by the florie my Lord:

*Lisan*: How say you my lady, what Oule brings out of that luy bush  
*dems*: was your wit knighted in this last action:

*man*: I am not such a foole, I loue my lord, I am no knight, I am Manasses, they made a plaine foole.



## The Ile of Guls.

*Dam*: the onely were, for the guarded foole is out of request: but faith my liege how did your opposites behaue themselves, did they win the Wenches faire at the point?

*Du*. At the very push of inuention, and went off cleere yntouchr,

*Lisa*: And could you draw no blood of their wits:

*Du*. Not a drop.

*Lisa*. Nor demetrius neither, nor Manasses?

*Dæ*: Neither, to our owne disgrace be it spoken, the carriage of their stragem deserves applause, and I held it a credit to rest captiue to such valiant conquerors?

*Lisæ*: Why so be, I like a man that wil confesse his error.

*Dæ*: It merits commiseration madam and my liege, not to detract from our worth: your care, we two are the parties you wor on.

*Du*. Ware you the men?

*Lisæ*: No he was the man, mary I was the woman in the moone, that made you walk at this last night like the man in the mist, I could say somewhat to you to Madam as for *demetrius* & his man let them stand like fooles as they are.

*Du*. Can it be possible.

*Dæ*. No, no, we are guls, Innocent sots, but laute tanta, the girles are ours we haue won em away to dargison.

*Lisa*: Come we haue won the conquest, and thats sufficient.

*Dæ*. You are a manasses tis not sufficient: aha not Hercules for iole, Ioue, for Danue, Apollo for daphene, pan for Sirne, nay the whole pack of their piperly godheads could a discharged a stragem with more spirit of al merit, an ambling nag and a downa down we haue borne her away to dargison.

*Enter Iulio and Hippelida.*

*du*. Twas the most rarest, diuinest, Metaphisicall, piece of inuention, that, what say you my liege.

*Dæ*: I giue your desarts their full merrie you haue gotten equality

*iulio*: All the wenches gaue you:

*Dæ*. Alas what spirits vnder the moone could haue detainder but know that her cherry red lip, a downe, a downe.

*Hip*: Trust me but you haue deserved high commendation.

*iulio*: Your merrie stood of the vpper staire of admiration.

*Dæ*: Why thou hast a pretty relish of wit, now that canst see the broad ey of my desert at a little hole of demonstration.

*iulio*. Your desert saue me free, you haue done a most (to vse your own



## The Ile of Guls.

phrase) Metaphysicall piece of seruice, but you had some helpe in questionles, *Hip*: I do not thinke but the ladies had some hand in: *da*, A finger, I confesse a finger by the hope of perseuerance, a very litle finger. *inli*, I thought asmuch by the making of the iest. *Hip*, I cannot detract from the ladies worth, for I knowem for excellent work women, *dam*, work women fit to make tailorsmen.

*Hip*. I by my faith do I, nay your best tailors are arrant borchers to em, you shal haue a lady make an end of a sute, a court sute, especially when all the tailors in a countrey know not how to set a stitch in: *dorns*, Some ordinary sute perhaps.

*Hip*: your best court suits that are, are finisht by ladies, I haue known a suit my selfe lien a making and maring 3, 4, and fve yeare together and then a lady hath despatcht it in a month with a wet finger, such a finger might the ladies haue in your plot.

*de*, neuer wet a finger by this sun.

*inli*. Then she helpt you with one dry iest or other, but and we may be so bold: faith where are the ladies?

*da*. sure enogh I warrant you, some fooles now would haue kept em heare and haue beene guld on em againe, and laught at age, but to prevent all danger, we haue shipt em home for Lacedemon,

*inlio*: to Lacedemon, your sunne of wit shines but dimly in that methinkes, to whose charge haue you trusted em?

*Lisan*: to them we durst, nay you must thinke wee are no fooles, *in*. Fooles: nay deepe wit, and pollicy forbid.

*Da*, We had no sooner their surprisall but we had disguise ready, a ship ready, a couple of lusty friends ready, the Lacedemons intelligencers: *inli*, durst you trust such precious iewels in such rusty caskets: *da*: durst, our health, our lines: why they were my tenants, nay you must thinke we sifted them, we are no fooles in that neither.

*hip*: If in any thing your wits deserue the bable tis in that,

*inli*: none but fools wold haue committed such inestimable peeres to a couple of strangers:

*hip*: And in a ship to,

*in*: And vnder saile to.

*dar*: And vnsurmish of friends to.

*da*: And without shipping to follow em to,

*in*. you were no fooles in any thing but that, & in that not to flatter, you expresse the true shape of folly and merely merit the name of fools. *da*. What will you saie now when these fellows surrender



# The Ile of Guls.

Aunt Weele discharge you and let their names down for gulls in your stead.

*De*: you know the proverbe when the skie falls we shal have larks.

*Lisan*: And when you can bring prooffe that we are cosend of our Wenches weele be the woodcocks.

*Julie*: Why then we have once springed a couple of woodcocks.

*Enter Violletta and Hippolita.*

*Aunt*: Doe you know these? Who are the fooles now?

*deme*: *Violletta*.

*Lisand*: My *Hippolita*:

*dam*: What a strange change is heere:

*Hippo*: yes faith gallants you have very strange carding and you knew al, but I hope youle offer vp your cards and yeild the set lost.

*dam, Guls*:

*Lisan*: And abus'd ile loose my life before I loose my honor,  
*dam*. Honor, and life before ile loose my loue: *Dram*

*Da*: Nay gentlemen we bar all violence, the liberty of our challenge was to all alike equally free, and since these by faire play have won em, it stands with our honor to see them peaceably posselt of em, then surely take em, for though you weare the breeches giue vs leaue to stand a little:

*Hippo*: why father ist not time that we were sped  
Tis a great charge to keepe a maidenhead,  
Loose it we must and to preuent il course,  
Better to giuet then haue it stolne perforce,  
if you be pleas'd let enuy doe her worst  
Spit out her poyson or containt and burst?  
Welcome to all, to all a kind god night,  
They crewly liue, that liue in scorn of spight.

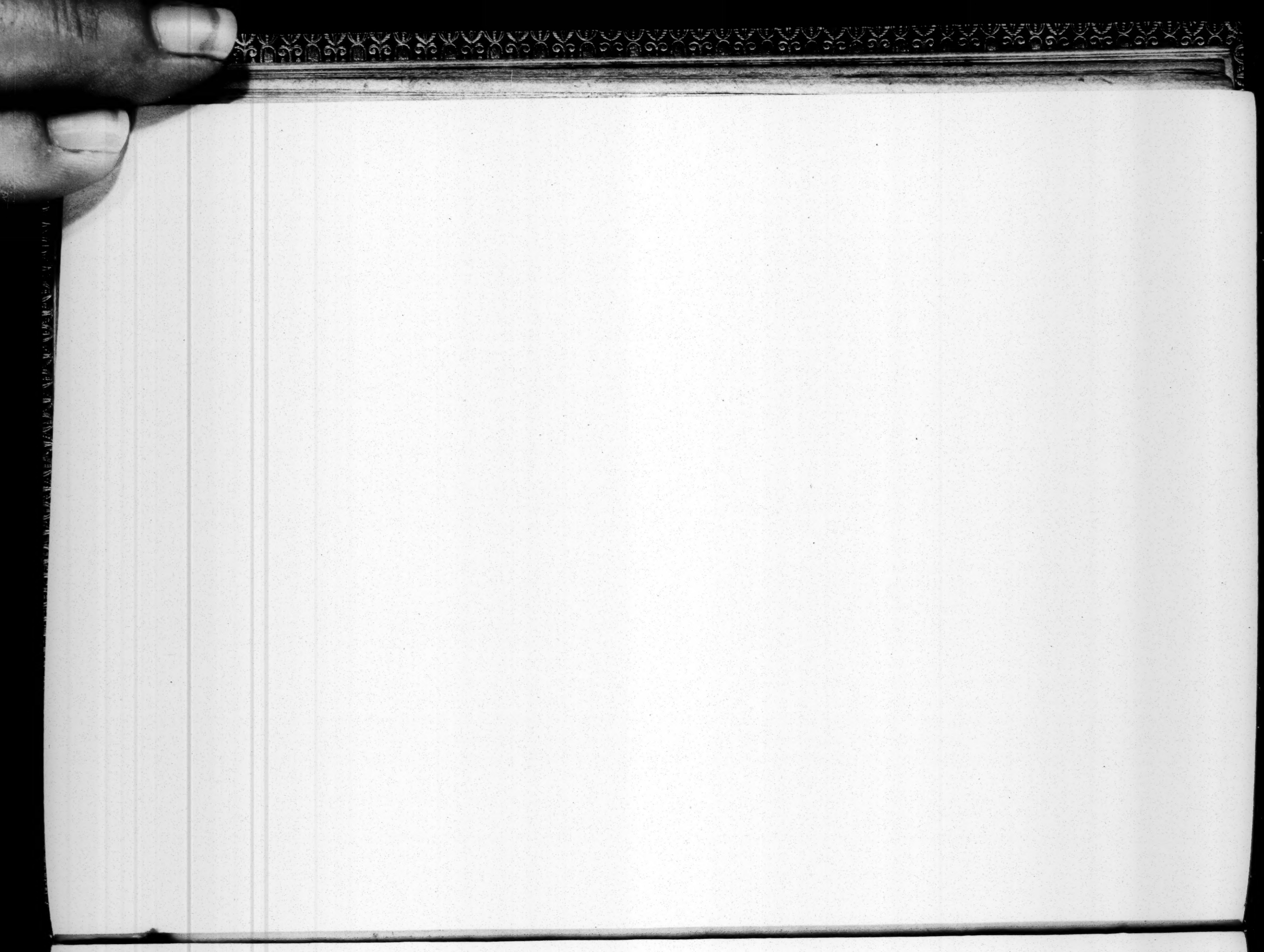
FINIS.

In B. the last page, for Lord, read loue cannot be saued.











Label from the back of the book as sold in Fittett Marsh sale (1882); preserved with part of the purple cloth cover (see next leaf).

DAY'S ILE OF GVL'S 1606.



From the Libraries of

Samuel Stillingfleet father of

Bishop Stillingfleet whose library was bought  
in 1704 by

Narcissus Marsh, Archbishop of Armagh;

John Fitchett (1776-1838), of Warrington; passed to  
his nephew:

John Fitchett Marsh (his sale, 1882, n. 672); bought  
at his sale by

W. C. Haggitt, who resold it to

Frederick Locker Lampton; passed to his

son

Godfrey Locker Lampton

Sold at Hodgson's London, July 1922, n.

This is the only copy known with Thynne's name in  
the imprint and is the copy quoted by Greg (who had  
been unable to trace it) on Haggitt's authority

See the paper by [William Roberts] in the Times  
Literary Supplement, 3. Aug. 1922

C1P269



14th Sept 1927  
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on the new scheme of the City of London -  
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